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Around Town.

Last Sunday I drove some thirty miles through the country in the south-western peninsula of this province, and whether it was that I have been so long confined in the city or that the season is unusually advanced, I was impressed with the fact that never before had I seen the rural districts looking so charming. Vegetation is advanced far beyond the ordinary stage, and the woods and the grass and the grain are all brightly green in many tints and looking as if they were throbbing with that which will make the crop an immense success. It is a great experience to have a Sunday in the country and to see the resting people look so contented after their week's toil.

Trouble is something that probably we all share, but not necessarily to the same extent. The farmer seems to find some moments when he can cast it off, and then the world looks bright, and the rains come, and the sun shines; then he is happy, for his wants are few and his habits simple. To those whose wants are many and whose habits are expensive the terror of the moment when the daily routine is to be changed and the daily output curtailed because the income has been reduced, is a nightmare. Lack of exercise and sedentary usages leave the business man open to many physical depressions through which the hard worker never passes. The presence of animal life, contact with cattle and horses and beasts that are strong, seem to build up the agriculturist, while the contact of weak customers, purposeless and dishonest employees, feeble and unsatisfactory assistants drains the strength of those who live in cities and endeavor to live twice as expensively as they ought.

The trees bending under foliage that is more brilliantly green than we would permit a painter to copy, the great heavy grass and the grain, all suggest plenty and certainty. The cattle chewing their cuds upon the fields, the horses romping about the pastures, the barns which are built with a belief that there will be a harvest, and the homes that are led up to by little groves of trees, appear permanent and satisfactory to the man who wonders when he will be able to pay the interest on his mortgage, or when trade will become so dull that he cannot keep the doors of his warehouse open. The rainbow of hope is always in the sky to the man who lives by toil in the fields, while the threatening signal of disaster is always to be seen somewhere by the man who makes his money out of other men and who may be cheated or who may drop out of the procession because of his inability to compete with others.

Two of us riding along and watching these things—both of us tired—saw in the shady nooks places where we would like to lie down and rest, where, flat upon the ground, in a posture from which we could not fall, we would like to rest and re-discover ourselves. It seemed to be so singularly without danger, without temptation, without interference, that we were almost unable to resist the impulse to jump out of our carriage and lie down and let the world wag, secure at least in the sensation that no matter how it rocked we could not fall off the edge. Those who envy the apparently successful or who enter into rivalry with those who are esteemed great, forget that the mountain climber always has in sight the precipice over which he may fall, and the avalanche is nearly always overhanging which may bury him. The chill of many disappointments cannot be kept from his heart by the fire that burns on the kitchen hearth; the intense heat and the cyclone of political or financial adversity may come while others who wonder that the world is so small for them are resting beneath the blossoms of an apple tree, shaded from intemperate rays and lulled to sleep by the sounds of rural life. Of course there must be heart troubles and disappointments; there must be impoverishments and the pressure of obligations even to those who work upon the farms, but to them daily bread and nightly shelter are assured, and raiment is not expensive nor the conventionalities hard to abandon. To those in cities where life unconsciously assumes phases which bring enormous responsibilities, the falling away from the standard which perhaps one's neighbors have established means heartbreak and humiliation almost unendurable to contemplate. It seems marvelous when contemplating the country

that so few choose the grassy paths and so many wear out their lives stumbling up the rocky road of ambition.

This is the first campaign since Confederation that has seen the Conservative party go to the country without Sir John Macdonald. It is the first campaign since Confederation into which a great new issue affecting our constitutional status has entered. The present Cabinet is the first Conservative cabinet since Confederation in which the Orange order has not been represented—a Past Grand Master being knifed in the back, and the present Grand Master, on resigning for the sake of conscience, being pursued with all vindictiveness.

The old men who so long stood by Sir John Macdonald have not so soon forgotten him that they can permit Sir Charles Tupper to boast that "I brought about Confederation, not John A." "I built the C. P. R., not John A." "I gave you the National Policy, not John A." and "My history is the history of Canada." It is only five years since the Old Chieftain passed away, and it is too soon for this "political crackman" to succeed in his attempt

would be an apparent endorsement of his annexationist views were he to be decorated by what is well known to be a provincial institution. While not sharing the views which Professor Goldwin Smith has so strenuously upheld, I am of the opinion that an honorary degree given to a man who has been conspicuous amongst us in every sphere of life, could hardly be misconstrued by outsiders. While it is customary to recognize culture in this manner, it would be the death of political independence to forbid one who is heterodox in politics to receive special recognition. The bane of social and political life in Canada has been the tendency of constituencies and institutions to beggar the career of those who dare to think for themselves. The motive of the community must be larger than the mere making of plaster casts of its own face. The general impulse should be to develop in every man who is to help us do our thinking, some wellspring of thought which is essentially his own and which may or may not become our own. Because he is inclined to think in a certain direction or dares to walk at a certain pace or with a peculiar gait in his public life, are we to deny him all marks of public approval? Because he

contact with public questions finds life grow sickly and sour by reason of the introduction, into social and professional surroundings, of those miserable little elements which are a discouragement and a source of unhappiness to those attempting a public career. Under all circumstances, those who are esteemed to be, or esteem themselves to be, worthy of coming into public view must expect criticism, and necessarily must engage in controversies with elements which cannot understand a grand motive. This, however, does not excuse men for making a direct and wounding assault upon a man who has paid his own way, done his own thinking, and without desire for public place or emoluments of any kind pursues a course which is not approved of by his neighbors. If we never had had such men we would be wearing sheep-skins and sandals, dwelling in huts and using the women of our generation as if they were our vassals.

The whole idea of college and university degrees, however, seems to me to be more or less a mistake. Professor Goldwin Smith needs no degree to advertise his culture amongst school men and the writers of books.

have forgotten us. Many who remain imagine that their diploma is the end of education, while it is merely a certificate that they have entered the contest of culture. We underestimate the value of a cosmopolitan education such as is possessed by such men as Professor Goldwin Smith, and we over-estimate the titles which universities can award. The able man who dares to disagree with the community in which he lives is worth more than a college to that locality, for he provides the friction and the force which make it necessary for each man to be able to give some reason for the faith that is in him.

Taken as a whole, it seems to me an unsolved problem as yet whether we are not over-educating and over-decorating those who take the schools as their world and refuse the schooling of the world. If there were more people who knew only enough arithmetic to calculate their income and their outgo only enough geography to convince them that the world is not a great big plate in which they sit as the center-piece with the horizon as a belt; only enough history to make them believe that the world has lasted for quite a time and is likely to survive their death; only enough reading that they may know that there is something going on outside of their social and domestic circle; only enough writing that they may communicate with others, we would all be better off. With such a foundation, those able to excel would go on and learn and work, and find a niche for themselves at their own expense.

Now we teach every child more than he or she is capable of understanding, and, bewildered and only half-equipped, they stand waiting at the street corners for positions they are unfit to occupy. Finding nothing at home, they go abroad and wait for positions that are never offered, or, even if they find them, we lose a citizen and the money that we have spent in spoiling a good farmer to make a poor lawyer, or in giving degrees to a good milkman or the driver of a dray to make a doctor in some country town in Michigan. Like badly managed protection, we have too many pounds of steam on our educational system, and our people are beginning to regard the university degree as the climax of a career instead of as the receipt for money paid by the student and the country for having a certain knowledge of books stuffed into the person whose name appears on the parchment.

Bishop Cameron of Antigonish has again broken forth with a violence which has never been exceeded except by Archbishop Cleary of Kingston. A few more such utterances will make it impossible for non-Catholics who are at all independent, to support a candidate pledged to Sir Charles Tupper. He says, "Now, if the present Government is sustained the remedial bill will become law. A sufficient lesson will thus be given to fanatics, to extremists, to dishonest politicians, who will not dare any longer to trample the constitution underfoot, to oppress minorities. On the other hand, if Sir Charles Tupper is defeated it is not likely Mr. Laurier will do anything for Catholics." Thus all those of us who are opposed to the Remedial Bill are classed as fanatics, extremists, and as dishonest politicians. One might as well say that the man who tries to pick your pocket has a perfect right to do so, and any resistance that is offered would be vulgar, disturbing and indicative of a selfish and improper notion that that which belongs to us is ours. The whole people have certain rights which very weakly they are endeavoring to maintain, and those not to be coerced by mandements and pastoral letters, or who cannot be bought with offices or bribed with contracts, believe that the child is the ward of the state and should be educated in the principles of patriotism and those properties which are likely to build up a good citizenship.

The Roman Catholic hierarchy are endeavoring to take this task out of the hands of those to whom the task of government has been given by the people. Those who resist are "extremists," "fanatics," and "dishonest politicians." As a matter of fact, those who resist are the patriots and are freest from the impulse which Bishop Cameron would have his diocese believe dwells in their hearts and is eternal enmity to the historic church. I can say for one that I have no feeling towards the Roman Catholic church but that of admiration for its mar-

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SCENE IN RESERVOIR PARK, TORONTO.

entertains different views and we are not inclined to copy his peculiarities, are we to deny such worth as we know him to possess?

If this is to be the rule in Canada we have no right to expect to produce, or to have remain with us, those who are not the cringing counterparts of our most commonplace product. Everyone recognizes the fact that we as Canadians are singularly devoid of leaders, of exemplars of what public life should be, and it is bad politics and in conspicuously bad taste to try to push into nothingness one who has done much to add to our culture and has bravely dared to criticize our bad manners and frequent mistakes.

Professor Goldwin Smith, it cannot be denied, has a strong personality. Since he began his residence in Toronto he has entertained more than any other man those who came to visit us from distant places, and he may have done us much harm in speaking disparagingly of our political condition and future prospects. However, we cannot better prove the truth of what he is alleged to have said of us than by denying him the laurels with which the Toronto University is anxious to decorate him. The narrowness of those who would seek to make him feel that we will not tolerate independent thought, is enough to demonstrate that this Dominion is a country of great distances but small ideas. Personally I have had nothing for which to thank Professor Smith but unkind words and an almost unbroken uniformity of disparagement, but he is small indeed who remembers trivial controversies and passing affronts when estimating the size of another whose life is reaching its winter. Every day, every man who comes in

He is accepted as an earnest and honest thinker, often mistaken and conspicuously devoid of heart. That he has been recognized by his generation is an honor that cannot be taken away from him, and it is an honor that cannot be added to by any university degree. When he dies—and it is sad to say that he cannot hope to live many more years—his worth will not be estimated by the degrees he has received, any more than his political utterances will have added weight given to them by some title which is awarded by people infinitely smaller than himself.

Canada has had no greater injury inflicted upon her than she has received from her excellent educational institutions. It has been our business to over-educate for export the youth of this country. We have at public expense been making preachers, doctors, lawyers, teachers, for the United States, of thousands of our best young men. We thoroughly understand that they cannot have a career in Canada under present circumstances, yet we proceed to educate them at great expense in order that they may go abroad. They are of no benefit to us after they leave us except that the majority of them hold the flag of the country dear to them a couple of times a year. They may be distinguished abroad and advertise our institutions as superior to those of the country they live in, which natural vanity and self-advertisement would incline them to, but it would pay us better to send out one business man than ten professional men. Yet we cling to our notions and do ourselves harm in the sacred name of education. Thousands of lads have come from the farm; been highly educated in the formal way; been taught the rudiments of what is in the books of the ancients and have left us, and, sad to say,

to rob that sepulchre where five million Canadians have placed tributes in honor of the greatest Canadian that has yet lived. Even Reformers who opposed him all his life were forced to own at the last that Sir John A. Macdonald stood head and shoulders above the men of his generation, for none knew his genius so well as those opponents whom he out-generated for a quarter of a century. The multitude is fickle enough, God knows, and fame is a fleeting thing, but the sentiment of Ontario to-day is proving that five years have not effaced the memory of Sir John, and that the laurels he won in life are not to be plucked from his dead brow by one who stands in the same relation to our great departed statesman as that in which Amerigo Vespucci stood to Christopher Columbus—an idle passenger in the fleet that the other manned and guided, but who returned home in the absence of his patron, and with false documents claimed the glory and had the western hemisphere named after him. Vespucci thieved the reputation of Columbus, as Sir Charles now thives the reputation of Sir John A. Macdonald. The soul of Vespucci is in Tupper—Vespucci is his name. But the fraud of the fifteenth century cannot be repeated with success in the last hours of the nineteenth. The grave in Catarqui is yet too green; the recollection of the old man as he went through the country on his last campaign is yet too vivid; the truth is too deeply bred in the flesh and bone of Canada for Vespucci to succeed.

There is considerable trouble being made with regard to whether Professor Goldwin Smith should be given an honorary degree by Toronto University. Those who dislike Professor Smith's political attitude claim that it

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Funerals in Belgium.

There is nothing in Belgium, not even a marriage, to which so much pomp and show belong as to a funeral. It is the most important show occasion of a career, and the expense must be a heavy tax on the average family. When a death occurs, a notice is sent to all friends and relatives.

On the receipt of this notice, cards are left at the house by men, who call and represent the women of the family. No woman attends a funeral, though it may be her nearest and dearest who lies dead, nor does any woman go to the grave. Grief always appeals to one's sympathies, but it is difficult for a foreigner to associate grief with the usual funeral procession that one sees in Belgium. The hearse is gaudy with gilt and looks top-heavy with its ornaments. It is much like a circus chariot in all but shape. The driver wears a fantastic hat and cloak. The hearse is drawn by black horses with trappings of black, and two, sometimes four, men follow it clothed in high pointed hats, with streamers quite to their waist, long flying capes of black, with more streamers. Then comes a line of carriages, the more the better for popular esteem. It is not necessary to have anyone in them.

Only the very rich can buy land outright for their dead. The other people hire the grave for as long a time as they can afford, maybe a year, five years, ten years, and very rarely twenty-five years; then it is taken for another occupant.

Those opponents of cremation who have sentiment as an argument against it are asked to think of this way of doing. At the expiration of the "lease" the new coffin is placed upon the remains of the former, unless one cares to remove what may be left of one's relative or friend once the home of a soul. For the very poor there is a harder lot still, as they cannot hire a grave. The "potter's field" is a large ditch, into which the bodies are placed and covered with quicklime. This hiring of graves explains why there are no old graveyards. The oldest tombstone in a Belgian cemetery does not bear a date further back than 1870.

Be Careful of Your Eyes.

The eyes are very important and for the benefit of those who have not elsewhere (in the *Lancet*) read the "don'ts" uttered as a warning to those who wish to care for their eyesight, by Dr. G. Sterling Ryerson, professor of ophthalmology in Trinity Medical College in this city, we reproduce his don'ts and what he says about them: "Myopia being essentially a condition due to abuse of the eye, one is constantly obliged to say 'don't' to patients. It occurs to me that it might be useful to put these prohibitory rules in aphoristic form:

"1. Don't read in railway trains or in vehicles in motion. 2. Don't read lying down or in a constrained position. 3. Don't read by fire-light, moonlight or twilight. 4. Don't read by flickering gaslight or candlelight. 5. Don't read books printed on thin paper. 6. Don't read books which have no space between the lines. 7. Don't read for more than fifty minutes without stopping, whether the eyes are tired or not. 8. Don't hold the reading close to the eyes. 9. Don't study at night, but in the morning when you are fresh. 10. Don't select your own glasses at the outset.

"It would almost seem as though some of these rules were too obvious to require mention, but practical experience shows that most people abuse their eyes just in the ways stated. In short, anything which tends to increase the quantity of blood in the organ favors the increase of the defect, leading in extreme cases to detachment of the retina and blindness."

Not Friday After All.

London Daily Mail.
There is a widespread superstition that Friday is the most unlucky day of the week, but like many other opinions of the same kind, it is erroneous.

A statistician has been engaged for some time past in investigating the question which is the most unlucky day of the week, and, according to him, it is Monday.

He bases his conclusion upon the accident returns of various insurance companies, and from these he finds that out of every hundred accidents that have occurred in a week, as a rule eighteen occur on Monday, fifteen on Tuesday, sixteen on Wednesday, fifteen on Thursday, sixteen on Friday, the same number on Saturday, and four on Sunday.

Hints for Husbands.

"Yahsey, how your wife's disposition has improved."

"Yes, I have taken her out on a tandem, and she acquired the useful and becoming habit of sitting in the background and letting me be the boss."

She Knew all About It.

"Do you understand amateur photography?"
"Do I understand it? I should say so. I was photographed twice last summer at Port Cockburn by fellows who were mashed on me."

The Marriage of a Convict.

This incident is reproduced from *The Temptress*, by William Le Queux. (F. A. Stokes, publisher). French convicts sentenced to imprisonment are sometimes allowed to marry if the betrothed follows her lover to New Caledonia. After the ceremony husband and wife see no more of each other until the sentence has expired.



The scene was strange and impressive. Upon a tawdry altar, in a small, bare chapel, two candles flickered unsteadily. The gloomy place was utterly devoid of embellishment, with damp-stained, white-washed walls, a stone floor, dirty and uneven, and broken windows patched with paper.

Over the man and woman kneeling at the steps the priest stretched his hands and pronounced the benediction.

When he had concluded a gabbled exhortation and premonition, they rose. The weary-eyed man regained his feet quickly, gazing a trifle sadly at his companion, while the latter, with a scarcely perceptible sigh, got up slowly, and affectionately embraced her newly-wedded husband.

As the bride placed her arms about her husband's neck he bent, and, lifting her black veil slightly, gave her a fond, passionate caress.

Turning from the altar, the priest grasped their hands, wishing them health and happiness. What bitter irony! What a canting pretense of humanity! As if either could be obtained in New Caledonia, the malarial island to which the French transport their criminals. The ill-

many interestedly, frequently whispering among themselves, and ever and anon, as either stirred, the clanking of their chains formed an ominous accompaniment to the hastily-gabbed formula, as if reminding them of the dismal hopelessness of their situation.

Neither replied. The warder who held the chain to which the five prisoners were manacled stepped forward and locked it to the bridegroom's fetters.

For a few minutes, while before the altar, the latter had been allowed comparative freedom; but now, the ceremony over, he was compelled to return with his gang to the atrocious tortures and dispiriting gloom of the copper mines—that monotonous, toilsome existence of French convicts; a life without rest, without hope, with naught else beyond hard labor, brutal taskmasters, and the whining homilies of drunken priests.

At the word from the officer the men filed slowly out—a dismal, dejected procession. Notwithstanding the uniform gray dress and closely-cropped heads, the difference in their physiognomy came prominently out. It was easily distinguishable that the husband belonged to a higher social circle than the others, who, from their ferocious, forbidding aspect, had evidently given the rein to their evil passions and were undergoing their just punishment. Through the narrow door they passed in single file, the warders following immediately behind with their rifles upon their shoulders.

The officer paused at the door, and, turning, lifted his cap politely to the bride, saying:

"Forgive me, madame, for thus taking your husband from you, but, alas! I have orders which must be obeyed."

"No apology is needed, m'sieur," she replied, with a slight sigh. "My husband's honeymoon has been brief indeed; but, as one convicted of a serious crime, what can he expect? We must

The Tragedy of the Lyons Mail.

THE cable brings us news of the death in Paris, at the age of eighty, of M. le Vicomte Clary. He was a nephew of the wife of Joseph Bonaparte, of Spain, and also of the wife of Marshal Bernadotte, King of Sweden. But he is chiefly known for his connection with the case of Joseph Lesurques, the most famous instance of mistaken identity in all legal history. As counsel for the family of the unfortunate victim, Vicomte Clary worked hard, but ineffectually, to have the sentence reversed. Although Lesurques was executed as far back as 1793, though his innocence was established in 1801, though his property was restored to the family in 1824, the Corps Legislatif, after that family had tried for over half a century to have his memory judicially rehabilitated, definitely refused in 1890 to perform this last remaining act of justice. The pedigree of French law forbade the questioning of a jury's verdict by anyone save the person directly interested. But though the law has failed to remove the stigma on the name of an innocent man, literature and the drama have made him a popular hero. The Lyons Mail, in which his honor is thoroughly vindicated, has been one of the most popular of all French melodramas, and the combined genius of Charles Reade and of Henry Irving have made it one of the great successes of the modern English stage. Poor Lesurques, who, when he perished on the scaffold, was but thirty-three years of age, was a good husband, a good father and a good citizen. He married, in 1790, Mile. Campion, a lady of respectable family in Douai, and possessed of a handsome dowry. Their children, therefore, were very young and it was in order to give them the benefit of a superior education that he relinquished a public appointment at Douai and

guilty and executed, together with one of the real murderers, named Courriel, who, on mounting the scaffold, confessed his own guilt, but declared the innocence of Lesurques. Doubts began to arise as to the justice of Lesurques' sentence, and finally it was discovered that he had suffered through an extraordinary resemblance to one Dubose, the real criminal, who was brought to justice in 1801, convicted and executed. This deplorable case had most deplorable sequels. The unhappy Mme. Lesurques went mad on hearing the news of her husband's condemnation. The children were as yet too young to understand their trouble, but as they grew up one thought alone possessed them—that of vindicating the honor of their dead father. It is easy to understand how brooding over this purpose drove one daughter to the madhouse in which her mother had been confined. It is curious that one of the witnesses against Lesurques—the woman Alfroy—also went insane from grief and remorse at her error. Still another victim was another daughter of Lesurques, who, worn out by the fruitless struggle with the pedantry of the French laws, drowned herself in the Seine. His son left France, took service in the Russian army and courted and found death there. As regards Lesurques' fortune, which had been confiscated, his unhappy family were more successful. In 1824, just twenty-eight years after their father's death, they obtained a grant of 244,000*fr.*, supplemented in 1835 by another grant of 252,000*fr.*, making upward of \$80,000.

A Trout Preserve.

Philadelphia Ledger.
I had just got my rod together and was hooking on a worm, when the owner of the brook, a sturdy and somewhat ill-looking farmer, appeared on the bank beside me. I offered a short salutation, and received one in return considerably shorter than my own.

"Any trout in this brook?" I asked.

"Chock full on 'um."

"You allow fishing here, of course?"

"Yaas, ef de pay is all right."

"How much?"

"Five dollars a trip, now she's stocked."

"Oh, she's stocked, is she? Well, I'll give you \$5; in advance, too."

He pocketed the money, and I swished down the brook, basketful of half-pounders swimming before my dazzled vision. In the first three miles the only bite I had was from my coat pocket. I spent an hour casting in "The Pool," another one through "The Cut," and finished out the afternoon skirmishing around the shores of "The Pond." Then night came on, and I was glad. If ever I have an evil deed to perform, anything like murdering an able-bodied farmer, I prefer to do it after dark. On my way to the station I stopped at the house of the farmer and enquired for him.

"Pa's gone to the village," said the boy; "he got some money turday, so he's gone over to get some groceries."

"Your father told me the brook was stocked," I said fiercely.

"So 'tis."

"I don't believe there's a trout in it over an inch long."

"I don't nuther," said the boy; "pa didn't stock it tell las' summer."

Then and Now.

Once I wrote a charming sonnet
To my Lady Mary's bonnet,
And I called it smart and fetching, and I called it
highest art:

And I vowed each time I met her
With it on I loved her better,
And I ended by affirming that it simply touched my
heart.

We are wed, but Mary's bonnets
Never move me now to sonnets;
If they did I'd spend in rhyming of my life the
greater part.

True, her millinery's charming,
But the bills are most alarming,
And they touch my pocket deeper than the bonnets
touch my heart.

MARY CLARKE HUNTINGTON.

The Ages of the Rulers.

Queen Victoria is the oldest female sovereign who ever sat on the throne of England. The Queen is afflicted with rheumatism or gout, but her doctors take the best of care of her health, so that she may yet have years of life. The oldest King in Europe is Christian IX. of Denmark, who last month entered upon the 79th year of his age. He has worn the crown for thirty-three years.

The King of Sweden and Norway, Oscar II., is in the 67th year of his age, and has wielded the sceptre since the year 1872.

The Emperor of Austria, Francis Joseph I., will be 66 years old in August next, and he has sat on his throne for forty-eight years.

The King of the Belgians, Leopold II., is in the 62nd year of his age, and in the thirty-first year of his reign.

The King of Saxony is in his 60th year. The King of Italy, Humbert I., is in the 33rd year of his life, and in the seventeenth year of his reign.

The King of the Hellenes, George I., is 51 years old, and has ruled Greece for thirty-three years.

The Sultan of Turkey, Abdul Hamid I., is 51, and has been the ruler of the Turkish empire for twenty years.

The King of Roumania, Charles I., is in the 58th year of his age.

These are the more elderly of the Imperial or Royal Sovereigns of Europe.

Among the younger European Sovereigns are the Emperor of Germany, 37; the King of Portugal, 33; the Czar of Russia, 28; the King of Serbia, 20; the Queen of the Netherlands, 17, and the King of Spain, 10. In the Netherlands there is a Queen Regent, and also in Spain. Pope Leo XIII., who is not a temporal ruler, is in the 87th year of his age, born March 2, 1810.

Of Course.

"Paw, why do they call it a stag party?"
"Because, sonny, the host is always staggered when the bill comes in."

Cozgro—Did Gazgro get the best of the argument? Gazbin—No; he got badly beaten; but he shut the other fellow up by offering to bet two dollars.—*Rosbury Gazette.*



THE LEAFY MONTH OF JUNE.

Scene in Munro Park, Toronto.

timed sarcasm caused the statuesque warders to grin, but a tear stood in the eye of more than one of the bridegroom's comrades in adversity, even though they were desperate characters, hardened by crime.

"We thank you heartily for your kind wishes," he replied, "and trust that your blessing will render our lot less wearisome."

The convict's bride remained silent, gazing about her unconcernedly.

"Come!" exclaimed the officer, rising abruptly; "we must not linger; already we have lost too much time."

After the register had been signed the husband again kissed his wife. As she raised her lips to his he whispered a few words, as if to reassure her, then said aloud:

"Farewell, dearest! In seven years I shall be free. Till then, *au revoir, sans adieu!*"

"*Sans adieu!*" she echoed in a low voice, apparently unmoved.

He shrugged his shoulders and turned towards his stern guards.

"I must apologize for detaining you, gentlemen," he said. "Let us go. I am ready."

The bride, who was young, was dressed very plainly in black, yet with Parisian taste. Perhaps she was handsome, but the thick veil concealed her features. The husband's appearance, however, was decidedly unimpressive. He was undergoing a term of ten years' labor and lifelong banishment.

Tall, bronzed, and bearded, with a thin face wrinkled by toil, although still retaining traces of good looks, he remained for a moment motionless, contemplating with loving eyes the woman who was now his wife. His attire was scarcely befitting a bridegroom, for he had no coat, and wore the soiled and ragged gray shirt and trousers of a miner, while the chains that bound his wrists seemed strangely out of place.

Yet the spectators of this odd ceremony were as strikingly incongruous as the principals themselves.

There were but eight persons. Five were fellow-prisoners of the husband, comprising the labor gang in which he worked, while close behind them sat an officer and two sinister-looking warders, in faded military uniforms, the butts of their loaded rifles resting on the floor. The convicts were watching the cere-

both wait. Nothing further need be said. "And you have followed him here—from Paris?"

"Yes."

"Ah! what devotion! Madame, truly yours is a cruel separation, and you have my heartfelt sympathy. Adieu."

"Thanks, m'sieur; adieu," she said brokenly; but the officer had already passed out beyond hearing.

Which Are You?

Spelman Messenger.

There are two kinds of people on earth to-day, Just two kinds of people; no more, I say. Not the sinner and saint, for 'tis well understood The good are half bad, and the bad are half good.

Not the rich and the poor, for to count a man's wealth You must first know the state of his conscience and health.

Not the humble and proud, for in life's little span Who puts on vain airs is not counted a man.

Not the happy and sad, for the swift flying years Bring each man his laughter and each man his tears. No; the two kinds of people on earth that I mean Are the people who lift and the people who lean.

Wherever you go, you will find the world's masses Are always divided in just these two classes; And, oddly enough, you will find, too, I ween, There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.

In which class are you? Are you easing the load Of overtaxed lifters who toil down the road? Or are you a leaner, who lets others bear Your portion of labor and worry and care?

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Too Hasty.

San Francisco Wave.

Rogers (to Rasher, whom he has met accompanied by a two-year-old child)—Hello, Rasher! That's your little boy, is it? By Jove! it's the dead image of you.

Rasher—Excuse me, but this happens to be a neighbor's child.

Rogers (not to be thrown down)—Well—er—er—it looks like you, anyway.

Taken In.

Blossoms—Did you take in the church fair last evening?
Bloomer—No, it took me in.

SPORTING COMMENT

The 'Varsity Club certainly deserves great credit for the good work it has done in the interests of the game of lacrosse in the United States. Four years ago the first trip across the lines was made when a game was played at Cornell. Lacrosse is not played there this year because it was thought advisable to retrench in various ways to make up for the expense incurred last season in sending a crew to Henley. That exhausting undertaking injured sport at Cornell this season very much, I am told. Last year and the year before 'Varsity team made regular tours, and this year they again went the circuit, playing Lehigh at South Bethlehem, Pa.; Stevens' Institute, at Hoboken, N. J.; the Crescent Athletic Club, at their country house, Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, N. Y., and Harvard at Cambridge, Mass. 'Varsity won all four games. The season has been a good one, as 'Varsity also defeated the Elms of this city and played a draw with the Tecumsehs. As the club at the opening of the season had a surplus on hand, it was decided in true sportsmanlike spirit to expend it in the interest of sport, and so a trophy, to be known as the University of Toronto Cup, was purchased at a cost of \$125 and offered for competition for the championship of the Eastern States. The Crescent Athletic Club are in the lead this year and will probably hold it for '96. It must be won three times by the same club, and it is likely that Harvard, which has many very promising players, will win it next year. This trophy adds greatly to the interest in lacrosse among the competing clubs. The rule adopted by 'Varsity this year, that players must be undergraduates or graduates of only one year's standing, is a good one and in the true spirit of the purest amateur sport.

The tourists were welcomed heartily everywhere. They speak in terms of highest praise of the Crescent Athletic Club, which is a strictly amateur organization, has isomely housed. At Harvard every possible attention was shown the visitors and they were assured and convinced that the visit of 'Varsity was one of the greatest events of the year. The touring party consisted of the following: A. Courtney-Kings, captain (who, by the way, was not seriously injured after all), C. A. Moss, B. A. W. B. Hendry, B. A., A. E. Snell, F. A. Cleland, A. F. Barr, C. Flood, E. A. Peaker, J. A. Jackson, S. H. Westman, A. C. Dobell, C. G. Bryan, and W. A. Mackinnon, manager.

I am informed positively that Mr. W. B. Hendry, B. A., will not play lacrosse again this season, notwithstanding that both the Torontos and the Tecumsehs claim him. Mr. Hendry has joined the staff of Upper Canada College.

The Torontos were pounded numerically by the Cornellians. The home team went in to win by hook or crook. *Daily Paper.*

The Athletics went to work from the start to disable their opponents (the Tecumsehs). *Daily Paper.*

Now, what is the matter with the game of lacrosse and what is the matter with our boys? Did Cornwall pound the Toronto players? Did St. Catharines go in at the start to disable the Tecumseh players? These are charges that should not be made without cause, and if the charges are just they cannot be passed over without injury to lacrosse. Were the players from this city playing clean and fair lacrosse when they were being pounded at Cornwall and disabled at St. Catharines, or are they squealing because they got the worst of a field-fight in which they were as ready as their opponents to enter? I did not see either game, but I have played enough lacrosse to know something of these matters, and I know the players of the Torontos and the Tecumsehs well enough to say that they are not exactly cooing doves. They are not the sort of fellows to meekly take punishment without trying for a "look in." The *Globe's* statement of what took place at St. Catharines casts a disgrace upon that town and upon the whole game of lacrosse. That McDonald, one of the Tecumsehs, and Mr. D. A. Rose, a supporter of the team, should have been assaulted after the game, and mud and stones thrown at the visitors, are happenings that cannot be excused. Referees should be strong men, prepared to go to extremes to suppress the rowdy element in lacrosse. Most of those playing the game are among the brightest and best fellows in the country, and lacrosse should be highly respectable, yet Douglas, Cross and McDonald got black eyes, Hartley had two teeth knocked out and his lip cut, and Mr. D. A. Rose "had his hat smashed over his eyes."

Cornwall defeated the Torontos at Cornwall last Saturday, and it is said that the victory was largely due to violence. When the Torontos met Montreal this afternoon at Rosedale we shall all be in a position to say whether our men play fairer lacrosse than their opponents. A remedy must be worked if the evil really exists, and if referees cannot apply the remedy, then the clubs of this city can put up teams of prize-fighters who can play opposing twelve in fifteen minutes and then score a thousand goals before time is called.

Arthur Sills of Niagara Falls, Ont., won the prize in the novel race held the other day, in which the conditions were that each competitor had to ride to Chippewa, catch a fish and return. This is a capital idea and opens up a lot of sport for the summer, because wherever wheelmen may be, this kind of contest may be arranged. The race may be half a mile to a lake or river, catch six fish and return, or a dozen fish and return, or it may be ten or twenty miles to a fishing-ground, catch one or six fish and return. To heighten the effect and increase the vicissitudes of the competition, I would suggest that each man on starting out should only be allowed to have a fish-line and some hooks (not flies), so that on getting to the fishing-ground he would have to find something that would serve for a pole, and also something that would consist in its great variety of difficulties—steepclimbing would be tame compared with it. First there would be the hard run on the wheel to reach the fishing-ground, then the search for poles and bait—the more eager the contestants, the less likely to catch fish. The man who first dropped his line in the water might be the last to catch

anything; the man who caught five before the others caught any might have a big time securing his sixth, if the rules called for a half-dozen. Where two or three different kinds of fish live in the same stream, lake or pond, the rule might call for one specimen of each kind, each competitor being required to bring home every fish caught, but to persevere until he had one of each if it took him a week, and to be subject to a fine of five dollars if he abandoned the contest and came home without one fish of each kind. There could be some great fun in Muskoka along this line, and I am sure there will be.

A gentleman from Pickering informed me on Monday that about three hundred cyclists from Toronto rode through that village last Sunday. He considers that three hundred is a safe estimate. When we reflect that Pickering is twenty-one miles from the city, we can gain some idea of what the bicycle enables people to do. In a recent conversation with a lady I was informed that on a Sunday last summer she wheeled to Hamilton and attended service at eleven a.m. in St. Mark's church in that city. The lady who quietly related this performance was by no means the sort of looking person whom one would expect to shine in any direction where physical strength or endurance was required, and, although I knew what wheels would do, the fact was there and then brought home to me that the wheel enables even frail people to accomplish marvels. In Port Hope on Sunday, May 24, at 6:30 p.m., the landlord of the Queen's Hotel showed me two signatures on the register and said: "There are the names of two young fellows who have wheeled through from Hamilton to-day. They are at supper now, after riding 105 miles, and propose going on to Cobourg to-night."

Road-riders should bear in mind that country people and villagers are even less prepared than city people to see men half naked on wheels. The costume of the race track is quite as unfit for ordinary road riding as it is for wheeling along the streets of the city. Wheelmen, however, will go down the Kingston Road, once they get clear of the suburbs, in costumes that would give Inspector Archibald a swift and terrible fit. They provoke comment of a very uncomplimentary sort, and if they persist in it they will bring down a punishment upon themselves in the shape of legislation by township councils. Once the Puritan fathers begin framing edicts and stationing men at the forks of the roads to scan the attire of cyclists and to stop the undressed, there will be no end of annoyance. Those who take long runs on Sunday should wear something. Young men should not spin down the Kingston Road on Sunday dressed in a belt and a pair of racing shoes. Something more is required of them and on them. A swimming suit is all right in its place, but its place is in the water and not on the middle of the road when Sunday school is coming out. If popular opinion among bicyclists can work a reform in this direction it should be done, for I am given to understand that if wheelmen going east on Sunday drop another square inch or thread of clothing there will be a resolute and organized attempt made to bring them to time. No man is worthy of respect who needlessly shows disrespect for good people and their feelings, or who unnecessarily shocks the sincere religious convictions of other people. Where a principle is involved or a vital liberty is at stake it is a different matter, but to voluntarily offend public sentiment is foolhardy. There are thousands who would, if they could, tie up wheels on Sunday. They cannot do it, but if wheelmen wear a wardrobe so scant that an offence is perpetrated they will be able to secure legislation, which will decidedly hamper Sunday cycling.

Some live to eat and some eat to live. Soon the world will be divided into two classes—those who live to wheel and those who wheel to make a living.

The Toronto-Rosedale cricket match on Saturday afternoon was rather disappointing, owing to the fact that Rosedale entirely failed to hold up its end. Mr. Forrester, with 19, was the only one to get double figures. For the Torontos, the only prominent players to do anything were Mr. Goldingham (40) and Mr. Massey (15). Two of the juniors batted well and got into double figures. I think this is a very late season in cricket. The giants are a month late. Messrs. Laing, Saunders, Lyon, Terry, A. F. B. Martin, Jones, Gillespie, Wadsworth and others of international standing, have scarcely anything to their credit so far. Mr. Lyon has one 52 to his account. Mr. Wadsworth journeyed once into the forties, but that is all. Mr. Goldingham alone has done well. Mr. Laing bowled capitally on Saturday, getting 9 Rosedale wickets for 13 runs. However, the season only really gets into full swing about the middle of June, and the Goliaths of the game will presently assert themselves as their wont.

One of our English exchanges describes the Australian cricketers as "fairly good class." So far they are winning in a way that should entitle them to a better rating. The wrangling and bad blood that sprang up and disfigured the record of the last tour made by the Australians seems to have again manifested itself, and the opinion is expressed by some sporting writers that unless the visitors can overcome this quarrelsome humor, such tours will get a serious set-back. I get the new London paper, *The Daily Mail*, which devotes three or more columns daily to cricket, and in it I see that Mr. W. G. Grace playing on May 29 for Gloucestershire against Sussex gave a chance to Prince Ranjitsinhji when he had 6 runs up, and the chance being refused he went on and made 243 not out. His side totaled 463 against 246 for Sussex and 120 without the loss of a wicket, when play closed for the day. The next day the not outs kept batting merrily for Sussex, Ben finishing with 113 to his credit and Marlowe with 108. Then came the Indian Prince (whose name I shall not try to spell twice in one day), who made 114 not out, Murdoch with 23 and Newham with 57 not out, so that Sussex got in the second innings 420 for three wickets and closed the innings, leaving Gloucestershire with 203 to get to win. Seven of their wickets went down for 88 runs and the game was a draw. Grace was bowled for 3 in

the second. This is remarkable even for English cricket. Bean and Marlowe were each at the conclusion of the game presented with £10 collected on the grounds.

The R.C.Y.C. boat, Canada, that is to meet the Chicago yacht, Vincendor, at Toledo in August, will be launched at Oakville in a couple of weeks, and the affair will be made quite an event in social and aquatic circles.

The fact that "Bush" Thompson is not going to Henley after all, is disappointing. There is a strong local feeling that if he arrived there in time and got into perfect condition, he could carry off the diamond skulls with good grace. However, business requires his attention, and we are the gainers, in a way, for now we shall see Mr. Thompson competing in local singles, doubles and fours.

A Chaperone Cyclists' Association is to be started in London, so that shy and nervous young wheelwomen may be able to hire an attendant to look after them during their biking excursions. These chaperones are to be expert cyclists, well posted as regards routes and roads, paths and places of refreshment. The idea seems a good one.

On Saturday, June 20, the Toronto Athletic Club will hold a big athletic and bicycle meet at Rosedale. The amateur championships of Canada will be contested for, and amateur and professional bicycle races will be held. A mile race between George W. Orton and D. Grant, both ex-'Varsity men, but the former now with U. of P. and the latter with Harvard, will also come off if arrangements can be made. Grant is known to us as a strong runner, and the way he used to move his yellow breeches around the Rosedale track was always admirable, but if he can compete with Orton he must have developed considerably since last spring. His records this year show that he has developed, too. Big prizes will be offered and the plan of seats opens at A. F. Webster's on Tuesday.

It is to be hoped that the fact that Haverford College will send a cricket eleven over to play against Eton, Harrow and other English schools, will not interfere with the game that should be played here this year—the international inter-collegiate match. Last summer an eleven selected from Trinity, 'Varsity, Upper Canada and Port Hope School went over to Haverford and founded this annual contest, and if a year is skipped it may be hard to keep up a scheme that promised very well. To call off this game would be doubly unfortunate in view of the fact that a Philadelphia eleven will probably not be sent here for the annual fixture with the Ontario Association, owing to a tour that is to be made to Halifax. Mr. W. P. Mustard, the well-known cricketer and football player, formerly of 'Varsity, Aurora and Uxbridge, but now of Haverford, will accompany the team to England if they go. THE UMPIRE.

Too Late.

For Saturday Night.



O, how I could have loved that maid,
My gift would have been too small
If on the altar of love I laid
My fortune, my life, my all.
I thought I saw in the liquid eye
A dawning of love for me,
A gentle breathing of sigh for sigh
From that breast of sympathy.

How fair this dull world would have seemed
Had her love made bright the way,
Had just that smile on my darkness gleamed,
My night had then been day.
And my daily toil by love inspired,
Had been more sweet than play,
What heights to climb by ambition fired
Would her smile but lead the way.

Alas, it can never, never be,
Alone on my path I creep,
That picture of love is not for me,
It can only make me weep.
I never shall kiss that golden hair,
Nor whisper her soft and low,
For she's an anacronism sweet and fair
Of two hundred years ago.

A. T. WORDEN.

Like Goats.

Scottish Nights.

Queer anecdotes of the various ways in which ministers "improve" the subject of their discourse are constantly coming to light.

A clergyman in a small country town preached one Sunday from the text, "Love one another," and among numerous illustrations he told a little story of two goats that once met on a one-plank bridge which crossed a small stream.

"But did they fight and try to push each other into the water?" queried the minister.

"Oh, no! One lay down and allowed the other to step over him. There was the right spirit! My brethren," he said, leaning over the pulpit and speaking in a gentle, persuasive tone, "let us live like goats."

Little Marie—Mamma, when I grow up may I marry a Dutchman? Mamma—Why a Dutchman, dear? Little Marie—So I can be a duelsman.

"Now, prisoner," queried Justice Gruff.

"How comes this person dead?"

"He asked me if 'twas hot enough."

"Discharged," the justice said.

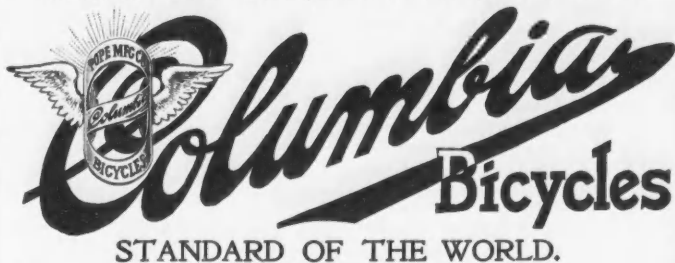
Kansas City World.

"But, your honor," shrieked the young lawyer, "you cannot fine my client \$500. The law says that \$25 is the extreme limit."

"Young man," answered the Oklahoma justice of the peace, "it might just as well be understood that I am doing the dealing in this yer game, and I allow I kin raise the limit ef I so see fit."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

10 times out of 10

The popularity of Columbia Bicycles in the United States was strikingly shown in a recent guessing contest instituted by The New York Journal, in which choice of ANY of TEN makes of bicycles was offered to the ten winners. No influence of any kind was exerted—yet all of them chose



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MASSEY'S MAGAZINE

The JUNE NUMBER contains:

"ROBERT BURNS," a Biographical Sketch,

by Prof. W. Clark, D.C.L.

"CYCLING OF TO-DAY," by P. E. Doolittle, M.D., C.W.A.

"DE NICE LEETLE CANADIENNE," Poem,

by William H. Drummond, M.D.

and many entrancing stories and other matter of great interest, with

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Around Town.

Continued from Page One.

velous organization, exceeding in world-wide influence any other society. Its doctrinal affairs do not interest me because its political conduct seems to me so improper that it must be opposed, and while understanding the tenets which are held by Roman Catholics, and not objecting to them, it seems to me the most colossal arrogance for the Church to dictate to a nation. Are we to learn our politics from our parsons and our priests, or are we as citizens of a country to decide matters of a temporal nature and listen with respect to our spiritual teachers when we are told of the other world? Rome has been a poor schoolmaster, and if we somewhat over-educate our young citizens this charge can never be laid at the door of the hierarchy. It is the reaction from a papal interference which has caused an over-education of the masses. We are much better off as we are with a costly school system than we would be with the more costly and less uplifting idea that an ignorant child of the Church is better than a highly cultured citizen of the world.

Don.

Social and Personal.

The Athletic Club was very much en fête on Wednesday, when Mrs. Irving Cameron and Mrs. John I. Davidson were the hostesses to the second of the tennis teas, of which Mrs. Goldwin Smith gave the first a fortnight ago. The day was lovely, the air clear and fresh after the steady rain of the previous day, and the famous courts of the Athletic tennis lawn were a picture of smooth inviting green. The young people, men and maids, were flying back and forth in agile defence of their courts, and from the balcony, where tea was served, some excellent play was watched by a very smart crowd. Many came late from the tea at Moss Park, and among others was the Baroness Earncliffe, who looked remarkably well and was welcomed by some old friends and many new ones with much heartiness; Mrs. and Miss Kirkpatrick, Miss Ada Arthurs, Sir Casimir and Lady Gzowski, Miss Meredith, Miss Meredith and Miss Labatt, Miss Helen Gzowski, Professor and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Miss Crooks, Hon. J. B. Robinson, Mrs. Forsyth Grant, Miss Robinson, Mrs. Dawson, the Misses Dawson, Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn and Mrs. Tait, Mrs. Leigh, Mrs. Merritt and Mrs. Mack of St. Kits, Miss Fannie Small, Mrs. and Miss Hodgins, Mr. Scott Griffin, Mr. Evans, Colonel Davidson, Miss Leslie, Mr. Douglas, Mr. McCulloch, Mr. Ed. Cronyn, Mrs. and Miss Elmsley, Miss Trixie Hoskins, Miss Houston of Niagara, Mr. Stewart Houston, Mrs. Ross Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. Pelham Edgar, Miss Yarker, the Misses Michie, Mrs. J. Forbes Michie, Mrs. W. S. and Miss Lee.

On Friday last Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson had a small and informal telephone tea for Mrs. Ernest Seton Thompson. The pleasant affair did not amount to a function, but was given for a few of the bridegroom's old friends in Toronto, to give them an opportunity of meeting the bride. Tea was served by the young ladies of the house, and a very pleasant hour was spent by a few people.

Mrs. G. W. Allan gave a tea on Wednesday for Lady Macdonald at which a large number of smart people were present.

Captain Addington, a nephew of Viscount Sidmouth and a relative of Colonel and Mrs. Sweny, has been staying at Rohallion.

The golf tournament has engrossed many matrons and maids this week. The winners gradually played off each day, and wet weather did not always damp their enthusiasm.

The prettiest imaginable little entertainment is the closing of the Normal School Kindergarten, which was held as a floral fête on Friday at half-past ten o'clock.

The greatest trial which assails the well-meaning hostess is her almost inability to invite a few friends for an informal afternoon, without the danger of incurring the enmity of the scores of other people whom she knows in society.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Mason and family will summer at Chief's Island, Muskoka. A rumor which has become current that Mr. Herbert Mason has sold Ernieleigh, his beautiful home on Sherbourne street, is, happily for the neighborhood, without foundation.

"Don't pay any attention to a real policeman," remarked the Upper Canada College boy with the bike, "but if you see a miserable-looking wretch of a man jolling on the bank or sitting on the edge of the sidewalk, take a fool's advice and get you at once into the road. He's a detective."

Dundonald was the scene of a charming tea on Friday of last week. The afternoon was a lovely one, and the tea exceedingly smart.

The summer festivities, in the shape of afternoon receptions, are fast drawing to a close. Mrs. Henry Cawthra has sent out cards for one of these affairs on June 20, previous to her departure for her summer residence at Niagara. On this day week, society will congregate at Yeadon Hall to bid adieu to its very popular master and mistress.

The long-expected unveiling of the Volunteers' monument takes place this day fortnight.

Among the many charming people on the balcony at the tennis tea on Wednesday, Lady Macdonald's tall figure and silver hair were conspicuous. Mrs. Kirkpatrick wore a very elegantly fitting gown of black silk with over-bodice of figured black net, and, as many people remarked, black suits our lady of Government House exceedingly well, trying as it usually is.

Mr. Goldwin Larratt Smith sailed for England this week. The Professor, whose namesake this and about half a dozen other young men happen to be, occasionally finds the compliment confusing when the surname happens to correspond.

The Argonauts hold their annual At Home on this day fortnight, June 27. This afternoon the "Institution" race will be rowed for the

silver cup presented to the Club by Mr. H. C. Hammond for competition annually among four-oared crews from banks, insurance companies, wholesale establishments, etc. Four prizes go with this cup.

Among those at Center Island are Dr. and Mrs. Norman Walker.

Mrs. Byron Nicholson has gone to Québec for the summer months.

Mrs. Harry Weller of Grange avenue left last week for Port Hope.

On the road from West Point, Toronto Island, is a neat and newly done-up cottage, No. 608, where is to be opened this afternoon a summer holiday home for working girls. The opening lasts from five to eight o'clock, and I might assure my readers that they could not do a kinder act than to determine that this holiday home shall never have one vacant corner this summer. Board for a fortnight, with all the blessings of rest and fresh air, would give new hope and life to many a weary woman, and the kind thought of her by some wealthy man or woman among our generous Toronto people would bless both the giver and the receiver. Go to the Summer Home to-day, you people in search of a summer interest, and send several poor girls there for a holiday during the heated term. Miss May Bambridge, general secretary, Y. W. C. Guild, McGill street, is the lady to whom you may apply for rooms and full particulars as to terms, etc.

Several small teas have been given lately, mainly that guests of the house may have the chance of meeting several people in whom, for one reason or another, they have a special interest, or vice versa. Just as soon as the rumor gets abroad that a tea has been given and "you and I" not asked, so soon do "you and I" begin a system of enquiry and resentment most undignified and quite unjustifiable. Several hostesses have gone sorrowing from the snubs and remarks of non-invited friends in consequence of having been rash enough to give a few intimates an hour of agreeable chat and a cup of good tea. To resent not being included in little gatherings is to betray a sad lack of dignity and a sadder lack of good sense.

Mrs. Carruthers and her guests, the Misses Hofford of Pennsylvania, went down to Montreal on the Persia on Tuesday evening and will return on Sunday.

Mrs. G. W. Allan took the Baroness Earncliffe out to the golf links on Thursday. The links are looking lovely just now and on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday, ladies' days, are quite popular with golfers whose proficiency is wonderful and whose enjoyment of the transatlantic sport is not to be described by means of printer's ink.

Last evening, June 12, the Beaver Theosophical Society celebrated the inauguration of the Theosophical crusade. The crusaders sail from New York to-day on a lecturing tour around the world, to continue until next March.

At the levee at St. James' Palace held by the Prince of Wales, by command of the Queen, on last Monday week, Dr. G. Sterling Ryerson was among the guests presented to His Royal Highness. Presentations to His Royal Highness at this court are, by the Queen's pleasure, considered as equivalent to presentations to Her Majesty.

Mr. Will Robinson wheeled from Port Dalhousie to Toronto on Sunday last via Hamilton, a distance of eighty-three miles, in eight and a half hours. He reports the road out of sight and advises readers of SATURDAY NIGHT who ride wheels to make the run.

The marriage of Miss Mina Holmes, daughter of Mr. Thomas Holmes of Wingham, to Dr. H. F. Kinsman of Sarnia, took place at the residence of the bride's father on Wednesday, June 10. Owing to the recent illness and present indisposition of the bride's mother, the wedding was very quiet, members of the immediate families only being present.

Mrs. and the Misses Mortimer Clarke have sailed for England, also Mrs. R. S. Williams and Mrs. Moore.

The bowling and tennis lawns at the Victoria Rink are favorite rendezvous just now.

A nasty accident to a small boy on College street last Wednesday drew from many the remark that it's a great wonder some of the urchins are not killed who dart hither and thither under the noses of horses and past the fenders of trolleys on any kind of a rickety wheel. Certainly, the lot of the anxious motor-men on the streets infested by these juveniles is not a happy one.

"I just shaved a trolley car!" is a boast too often on the lips of those old enough to have sense. "That lady worries me to gray hairs," said a motorman the other day. "She won't turn off till we are just upon her, and it's no fun dancing on the bell for a block, and then holding your breath for fear she may slip after all, at the last minute, and get jammed by the fender. Say, won't you write something about this in your paper?" Please, girls, consider others.

The Canadian Electrical Association will hold its sixth annual convention in this city next week, June 17, 18 and 19. Business sessions will be held each day and the social features will include a lecture in the rotunda of the Board of Trade on Wednesday afternoon; excursion by the steamer Greyhound to Lorne Park, annual banquet at Hotel Louise and moonlight sail on lake, on Thursday; and on Friday an excursion around the Island down to Scarborough Heights and return.

An impecunious young man invited a lovely girl to a country ride. They reached an inn and shelter just before a drenching rain began. The lady did not mind the rain, but was terribly afraid of lightning. The hours wore on but the storm did not wear off. The lady had a true cyclist's appetite and gently remarked that she supposed they must make up their minds to take a country tea. The impecunious young man sighed and wandered into the house; presently he returned and remarked

that the rain was about over, and they could very soon start for home. It rained harder; the young lady took a walk into the kitchen and had a chat with the landlady. In due time she also returned. "Dear me," she said airily, "my face does burn; I've been making an omelette for our tea." The young man started. "You know," said the wily maiden, "that this landlady is a great friend of mine. She insists on our taking tea with her. You don't mind, do you? I am so hungry, and it is pouring yet." And she hustled him out into the dining-room, where he soon put away a sturdy supper. Suddenly he asked, "Oh, by the way, where is the omelette you made?" She never wince. "Oh, how mean of you to remind me. It was a failure, heavy as lead!" she said glibly. Afterwards, as she told her best chum about it, she thus excused her duplicity. "You know he's so nice, and I'm sure he had not a cent but the dime he spent for our lager. And I just had to have my dinner, I was so awfully starving! And I couldn't think of any better lie, really!" In speaking to his best chum the young man only said, "Miss —? Yes, I took her for a ride the other day. She's a sensible girl, no beauty, but just a decent sort. Ta-ta, old man!"

Pine Villa is having a great number of visitors from the South this season. Mrs. Mason is expecting a large party to arrive from New Orleans this week, among whom are Mrs. Corner and Miss Bass, who are already known to a large number of society people in Toronto.

That was a good story about the brave cyclist who abused the man for getting in his way on the plank-walk, and was in response asked for his name and address for purposes of future communication and a lightening of his purse. That was also a detective, and in the words of the inimitable Orphan Annie I can but say to all cyclists in suburban districts, "The gobbleruns 'll git ye if ye don't watch out."

Miss Ethel James has returned home for her summer vacation from New York, where she has been at school during the past winter.

Mrs. James Purcell, who has been visiting Mrs. Will Hyslop of Sherbourne street, returned to her home in Guelph on Monday, accompanied by Mrs. Hyslop, who will spend some weeks in the Royal City.

Oak Lodge, the quaintly picturesque home of Mr. Justice Burton, was the scene of a delightful garden party on June 9, the occasion being the forty-sixth anniversary of Judge and Mrs. Burton's wedding, and a very large number of their friends, notwithstanding the threatening weather, assembled to offer their congratulations. Among those present were: Prof. Goldwin Smith, Justice and Mrs. Ferguson, Mrs. Osler, Mesdames Jarvis, Hillyard, Cameron, J. L. Searth, Cattanaach, Barwick, Atkinson, Mr. and Miss Mowat, Professors Ramsay Wright and Hungerford, Misses McCutcheon, Coverton, Jarvis, Mrs. and Miss Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Burton of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Burton, Messrs. Archie Campbell, T. and H. Langton, Miss Burroughes, Mr. Payne, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Totten, Mrs. Hagarty, Mrs. Armour, Miss Green, Miss Searth, Mr. and Mrs. Plummer, and many others.

Miss Sarah Barnwell Elliott of South Carolina is spending a few weeks in Toronto at Mrs. Mason's, 16 Spadina road. She is the daughter of the late Stephen Elliott, Bishop of Georgia, and sister of the late Robert Elliott, Bishop of Western Texas. Miss Elliott is a lady of high literary attainments, and is well known as the authoress of Jerry and other popular novels.

Mr. George J. Little of Parkdale has returned from Southern California and will spend the summer in Muskoka. He is much improved in health.

I read a wonderful tale somewhere of the pranks of the ladies of the Victoria Club, who are reported to play bicycle ball, whatever that may be, and whirl about the rink on the return from their Friday runs. Generally the return has been just at dinner hour, and the whirl has been homewards in straight order. However, once I was not with these ladies, and perhaps on that day they concluded their run with a "whirl." I must ask them!

Mrs. and Miss Osborne of Prince Edward Island are visiting Mrs. T. C. Stegmann of Carlton street.

On Monday Mrs. and Miss Reinhardt left the city for a three months' visit to Germany. They were accompanied to New York by Mr. and Mrs. Finkle of that city, and Mr. Reinhardt, and sailed by the steamship Normania of the Hamburg Line. A large number of their friends wished them *bon voyage* from Geddes' wharf.

The engagement is announced of Miss Coates, daughter of Mr. John Coates, C. E., of Melbourne, Australia, to Mr. George W. Blaikie of Toronto.

"How Smith did it" is the question on the golf grounds, Smith having been frightfully and wonderfully successful in play recently, and laughingly assuring his envious friends that he really doesn't know *how* he did it.

On Tuesday last, at the residence of Mrs. H. V. Sanders, Venton Villa, Port Hope, Louise, the youngest daughter of Mrs. A. Sanders, was married to Mr. H. (Bert) Tinning of Toronto. The bride looked very pretty, and was attired in a handsome fawn-colored brocade silk, trimmed with red velvet and Irish point lace, made with a very full skirt and Louis coat. The bridesmaid was Miss Maude Mackie, who wore a very pretty costume of violet and gold, with front of accordion-pleated silk. The groomsmen were Dr. R. Thornley Corbett. The groom's gift to the bride was a gold dagger set with pearls and diamonds, and to the bridesmaid a gold heart, with the initials S. and T. set with pearls. Miss Sanders, who is an accomplished musician and one of the most popular belles of Port Hope, will be greatly missed by her many friends, and will, no doubt, be welcomed to Toronto as one of the charming June brides. The happy couple left for Rochester by the

North King and will go by the Hudson River route to New York, Boston and Philadelphia, returning in about three weeks to their home in Toronto. The bride wore a very becoming traveling costume of green and gold. The wedding was of a quiet nature, only the relatives and a few intimate friends of the bride and groom being present.

Mrs. Henry Taylor of Savannah, Ga., has returned to Toronto for a short visit. She has taken a cottage at Port Hope for July and August, where, with her daughter, Miss Ethel, at present a pupil at Loretto Abbey, she will be joined later in the season by a number of friends from the South. Mrs. Taylor is at present staying with Mrs. Mason at Pine Villa, Spadina road.

All Saints' church garden party, which was held in the grounds of Mr. D. R. Wilkie's residence last Friday evening, was a very pretty and successful affair. The various booths for tea and coffee, strawberries and ice cream, and small articles, were prettily decorated and well patronized. A most delightful effect was had by the stringing of tiny colored globes of electric light among the trees and across the lawn. The Q. O. R. Band played at intervals during the evening, and alternated with the pipers of the 48th Regiment, who were a perfect picture as they marched and played the stirring music of Auld Scotia. Nowhere on earth is there music to touch the Scottish heart like the skirl of the pipes, and indeed some otherwise orthodox Scotchmen have been known to sniff at the harmonies of the Better Land and remark, "Harps, indeed." Be that as it may, it is a self-evident fact that the 48th pipers with their stalwart pipe-major from Inverness are the pick of the lot for looks, and no doubt equally well up in their own music.

Building Camp Fires.

HERE is scarcely one camper in fifty who knows how to build a camp-fire. The usual camp-fire is a blazing heap of twigs and limbs and logs of all sizes, lengths and kinds of wood—a fire for cooking and for warmth as well. But a good camper will have two fires—that is, if a night-fire is wanted—one to cook at and one to sit by.

Drive two stout stakes of some hard, green wood into the ground four or five feet apart. Have the stakes long enough so that when they have been driven down firmly they will stand say four feet high. Cut three or four green logs six feet in length and from eight to ten inches through. Pile these, one on top of the other, against the two stakes, having the largest log at the bottom. It is well to drive the stakes so they will have a backward slant of four or five inches, which will keep the logs from rolling off each other. These logs are your back logs, on the principle of an old-fashioned fireplace.

Having prepared your fireplace, the next thing is the andirons. Place at each end of the bottom log a thick stick on the ground, at right angles with the log. These will be the andirons. From one to the other of these lay a stick of green wood, five inches or so in diameter, near the outer end of each andirons. This will serve as the forestick, and the space between it and the bottom log will be the hearth. The camper has his fireplace and all its appurtenances. On the hearth thus improvised he has only to pile dry twigs, knots, and odds and ends of good firewood, heaping them well up against the back logs, and light his fire. His regular firewood should be good-sized maple, birch, ash, or other convenient hard woods, cut in five-foot lengths. The blazing pine-knot camp-fire of the story writers is a delusion and a snare. A fire built as I have described, and well banked or chinked with aemlock bark on being left for the night, will burn cheerily all night and temper the chill frost night wind to the slumber of the camper-out.

The question might be asked, "How do you manage with your cooking at such a fire?" That is the easiest matter in the world if you choose to cook at your camp-fire, but that is not necessary. The best and most convenient outdoor improvised cooking attachment to a well regulated genuine woodman's camp is independent of the camp-fire. It is naturally to be assumed that your tent is pitched near a spring. It would be a queer sort of camp without a spring. In some shady spot near the spring place on the ground two solid green logs, the upper side of each hewn to a flat surface. They must be eight inches through and six feet long, and laid side by side, seven inches or so apart at one end and four inches at the other. Drive a strong crocheted stake between these logs at each end. Hang a stout pole across from one croch to the other. The space between your logs is for your fire. The pole above is to hang your kettle on. The fire is built in the narrow enclosure between the logs of short hard wood, that makes little smoke and not a fierce but hot fire, and becomes a bed of the reddest and most tenacious coals. Such woods are birch, hickory, maple and ash, cut short and split. The reason the logs are wider apart at one end than at the other is that different sizes of cooking utensils may be accommodated, the utensils being set on the logs over the fire. This forest range will cook everything, with ease and comfort to the cook. But, if the camping party is not inclined to keep a kitchen fire as well as a parlor fire, cooking may be done without inconvenience or annoyance at the camp-fire I have described. By pulling down in front of the forestick coals from the hearth, a solid bed of them may be made flat on the ground, where the cook may broil, boil, fry and stew to his heart's content and the gratification of the camp.

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Social and Personal.

A quiet home wedding took place on Wednesday evening at the residence of the bride's mother, 48 Teraulay street, when Mr. Will N. McKendry was married to Rose, youngest daughter of Mrs. Joseph Smith. Rev. Mr. Odery, pastor of Berkeley street Methodist church, officiated. The guests were confined to the relatives of the contracting parties, and included Mr. and Mrs. J. N. McKendry, Miss Madge McKendry, Mr. Charles McKendry, Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell, Mr. and Mrs. Hubert McKendry, Miss Bell, Mr. Robert McKendry of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Dower, Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Smith, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Robertson, Mr. John Graham, Mrs. Hardy, Mrs. Foreman, Mrs. McCluskey and Miss Smith.

Mrs. Cattanach has taken apartments at No. 50 St. George street for the present.

A very jolly little dinner was given by Mr. and Mrs. Keble Merritt at the Arlington one evening last week. After dinner, Mr. Merritt mystified several of the guests by his clever sleight-of-hand, in which he is an adept, recalling Hermann's magic.

The Granite Rink was crowded on Saturday evening to see the trick bicycle riding of Syd Black and the various amusing contests arranged by the management. The crowd vastly enjoyed the evening's amusement and music provided by their liberal hosts.

I have received various items of (to put it mildly) a rather ill-natured turn during the week. In the language of a certain correspondence editor I can only assure the senders that these columns never admit such items, and that there are others which, I am told, are not so particular. As the items in question are not signed I have not been able to set their sender right, though, in one case at least, I have satisfactory proof of untruth.

A visiting young lady in smart circles had quite a shock to her nerves one day this week. When careering along the sidewalk on her wheel she encountered one of our stalwart guardians of the peace. The gigantic Bobby promptly ordered a halt and took the name and address of the terrified girl. I suppose her pretty purse is the regulation amount the lighter for the contretemps.

A lull has fallen upon society, the rush of the Tournament and the largest June weddings being over. As summer weather settles, the favorite dissipations will be afternoon garden parties, evening cycling parties, and picnics in various directions. The charming new clubhouse in the East is a fashionable rendezvous, and several most pleasant parties have lunched and dined there recently.

Cards are out for an afternoon reception at the Grange next Thursday, from half-past four to seven. An additional charm has recently been noticed in this always delightful and hospitable home, a large balcony having been built from the east side of the drawing-room, where in a bower of green quite a party of guests can receive the gentle welcome of Mrs. Goldwin Smith and enjoy the fragrant tea brewed by Miss Crooks. Even a rarer treat is sometimes vouchsafed when the Professor himself is in a conversational mood, and this latter is much prized by those of his friends fortunate enough to be present.

As to what is most worn this summer I can only answer a correspondent's query by saying, anything—everything. The only fabric which the knowing ones pass by with averted glance is the popular but *grosse crepon*. Scarcely any woman with the ambition to be smart invests in a *crepon* nowadays. Lustre, iron grenadine, grass linen embroidered, fine silk, chiffon, muslin, all are *a la mode*, and hats are veritable *parterres*. The more flowers and the greater variety, the wider the ribbon bow, the smarter the hat. As no one objects to large hats in summer—for no one sits behind them except in church, where one can live without seeing the parson in most cases—these flower-garden *chapeaux* may enlarge their borders and add roses, tulips and mignonette to their garniture unrebuked. The mistake is in buying cheap flowers; nothing ruins a toilette more utterly.

The Victoria Club rode to Lambton Mills on Saturday with a turnout of twenty-eight. The ride was most enjoyable, as the day was hot in town and charming in the country. The commissariat mules, as the good-hearted fellows were abominably called by a lazy jester, carried sandwiches and cakes, and a plentiful supply of drinkables was ordered up to the picnic ground, where the cyclists sat under the trees and sang and told stories for half an hour. The services of a natural genius in the way of a harmonica player added much to the pleasure of the little picnic and considerable to the wealth of the genius aforesaid. This was the monthly run of the Club and not the usual Friday run.

Mrs. Lunt's bicycle party was a very pleasant affair, and fortunately a lovely evening was chosen for it. The run was north on St. George street and over to the Reservoir Park, then through Rosedale and back to Kew Gardens for supper, which was quite an elaborate and substantial affair, served very handsomely by Webb.

Mrs. George Hornbrook of Windsor, who has been visiting Mrs. Lunt, has returned home.

An ardent cyclist well known in artistic and social circles encountered a suburban policeman while riding on the forbidden plank walk on Saturday. One dollar and costs on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Thompson left for their home at St. Paul Hall, Tappan, New York, on Monday afternoon. The sweet bride has charmed everyone who has met her, and congratulations to the bridegroom are effervescing in all directions.

Quite a lot of people are over in Island quarters. Dr. and Mrs. Kortland and Miss Kortland are at Mrs. Meade's for the summer.

Miss Tilden of Buffalo, who has been the guest of Mrs. Jack King, is a splendid cyclist. She

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and Miss Hannaford ride with the surety and power which come of good coaching and much practice. Miss Tilden rode gamely up the Lambton hill on the home trip last Saturday without any visible strain. On Thursday of last week Mrs. Jack King gave an evening bicycle party which was exceedingly pleasant.

Why is it that the smallest woman in the party always rides with the biggest man? Can it be that bicycle riding is governed by the same rules as the fickle passion, which the proverb tells us delights in opposites?

The absolute success of that cranky festivity, the picnic, depends without doubt on the selection of the guests. Men will go if you get the girls they like to accompany them. Married women, old maids and boys should be used as *pis-allees*, but they are usually rather the foundation of the picnic. Hence its forced hilarity and true lugubriousness. If a man is with the maid he for the time adores, dry sandwiches and lukewarm beer are nectar and ambrosia to him. If you pair him off with some arch thing of forty or some giddy matron, the daintiest game pie and the ruddiest wine don't taste good smothered in sweats which he longs to utter, but dare not. The ethics of picnics—pshaw!—there is no ethics to picnics; everything goes!

St. George's church, Newcastle, was the scene of a most charming June wedding last Saturday, when Miss Florence Allen, only daughter of Mr. J. K. Allen, and Mr. Charles E. Clarke of Toronto were united in marriage. The ceremony was performed by the rector, Rev. Canon Farncombe, at precisely twelve o'clock, the choir assisting in the service by the rendition of the wedding and other hymns. The sweet girl-bride looked lovely in an exquisite *toilette* of white duchesse satin trimmed with lace, and wearing the regulation wreath and veil, the latter fastened by a pearl-and-diamond star, the gift of the groom. Miss Gertrude Kirkpatrick of Toronto and two little maids of honor, Dorothy Farncombe and Isobel Louise Clarke, niece of the groom, attended the bride. The former was gowning in ivory satin, with *chiffon* bodice, and wore a large picture hat of tulle, covered with clover blossoms; the latter were sweetly pretty in dotted muslin frocks trimmed with Valenciennes lace and white satin ribbon, and carrying beautiful baskets of pink and white carnations. The bride's bouquet was white roses and lilies-of-the-valley, with maiden-hair fern. Miss Kirkpatrick carried a shower bouquet of pink roses. Mr. F. F. Peard of Baltimore, Md., was best man, while Messrs. H. H. Mason and R. Wallbridge Allen ably performed their duties as ushers. The church had been decorated by the villagers for the occasion and was sweet with the odor of spring blossoms. A marked feature was a floral arch, surmounted by a cross, standing in front of the chancel. After the marriage service a reception was held at Elmhurst, the spacious residence of the bride's father, when the immediate friends of the happy couple tendered congratulations and best wishes. After the wedding breakfast, Mr. and Mrs. Clarke left by the 2.30 train for New York, whence they sailed last Wednesday for a two months' tour on the Continent. Mr. and Mrs. Clarke will reside in Toronto.

A charming drive whist party was given by Mrs. Anderson of Warrington, London, on Friday evening last for her guests, Mrs. and Miss Marion Barker of Beverley street, Toronto. The affair was a most delightful one. The sultry day was followed at night by a severe thunderstorm, which obliged the guests to remain till a late hour. All, however, were well entertained. The lovely voice of Mrs. Anderson's niece, Miss Quita Moore, was heard in several operatic airs, while some of the gentlemen gave comic songs and recitations. Mrs. and Miss Barker received a most hearty welcome from all their old friends, whose only regret was that their stay was all too short. Mrs. Anderson, who as a hostess cannot be excelled, was most becomingly gowning in a pale pink Irish poplin.

Mrs. N. E. Wilcox and Mrs. Estabrook of New York and Miss Florence Boyle of Rochester are visiting Mrs. Reynolds of 86 Major street.

Miss Lizzie Dyas, a very bright young lady from Strathroy, who is now living in Toronto, has a charming poem in the June *Canadian Magazine*.

"Ah! June thro' the gateway has flown
And clasped the warm world to her heart,"
sings Miss Dyas, who has caught the very spirit of the season.

Miss Constance Rudyerd Boulton's delightful bicycle sketch of travel in Italy is continued in the *Canadian Magazine* for June. By the way, I noticed in last month's issue a clever tale by Miss Blossom Kingsmill. Toronto girls are doing well.

Mrs. Hamilton Merritt is with her mother for a little visit during Mr. Merritt's absence.

The cantata of the Fisher Maiden was beautifully presented by the students of Moulton College on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Wm. Reynolds gave a ladies' progressive euchre party on Wednesday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Rogers of Calgary. Among those present were: Mrs. R. B. Hamilton, Mrs. C. N.

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Ritchie, Mrs. Lepper, Mrs. A. D. Benjamin, Mrs. Bidwell, Mrs. A. H. Marsh, Mrs. George, Miss Proudford, Miss Worthington, Miss Gordon, and others.

Mrs. E. Gunn of 23 Bernard avenue will receive on the second, third and four Fridays in June.

Mr. Dickson Patterson has moved from 84 Huntley street to 10 Elmsley place, St. Joseph street.

At Saturday's run of the Victoria Bicycle Club a curious diversity of selection in the matter of wheels was revealed by the fact that a wager had been laid by an admirer of the Cleveland wheel that more wheels of that make would be found among the riders than of any other. An inspection of the twenty-eight wheels resulted in the victory going to the Cleveland. There were four Clevelands, ridden by Mrs. Denison, Mrs. Goldham, Mrs. Croil and Mr. Maurice Taylor; three Staines, by Mr. Minty, Dr. Boulton and Mrs. Gibson; two Comets, by the Cosby brothers; two Centaurs, by Messrs. McArthur and Northcote; two Hyslops, by Messrs. Jack King and Lefroy; two Wanderers, by Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, and two White Stars, by Messrs. McKay and Staunton. Mr. Suydam rode an Up-to-Date; Mrs. Jack King, a Monarch; Mr. Lake, a Planet; Mrs. Rogers, a Dayton; Miss Hannaford, a Crawford; Miss Tilden of Buffalo, a Victor; Mr. Gault, a Brantford; Miss Flossie Kemp, a Grayhound; Mr. Gibson, a Beeston-Humber; Mrs. Duggan, an Erie; and Mr. Melvin-Jones, a Massey-Harris. Eighteen different makes of wheels among twenty-eight riders is not bad.

Among the June weddings in Bracebridge this year that of Mr. Peter Hutchison, a popular young man and a member of one of the leading business firms in Muskoka's country seat, was especially notable. The ceremony took place on June 4, in the neighboring township of Monck, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. James Killen, one of the best known of Muskoka's early pioneers. The bride, Miss Margaret Anna, who is the fifth daughter of the house, looked charming in a dress of cream silk trimmed with rich cream lace, with garniture of cream roses. The bridesmaid, her sister Lillie B., wore white muslin, with yellow roses. Both carried handsome bouquets, while a mass of ferns and flowers over-arched the bridal party. Mr. Robert Hutchison was groomsmen. The ceremony was impressively conducted by the Rev. Dr. Clarke, pastor of the Bracebridge Presbyterian church. The bride received many handsome presents. The guests, chiefly near relatives, sat down to an elegant wedding breakfast, at the conclusion of which the party drove to Bracebridge, where the newly-wedded and happy pair took the Atlantic express for a wedding tour, their departure being witnessed by a large crowd of friends, who observed to the utmost the time-honored custom of throwing rice and old shoes.

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THE PRETTY WIT OF CAPTAIN PAUL JONES. By CLINTON ROSS.

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Many things are told of that redoubtable adventurer Paul Jones—whom I knew well—to concede him with Mr. Jefferson and Dr. Franklin the most supreme merit as a man of resource.

Made as he was with the tireless spirit of effort, it was to be expected that he should end as he did, disappointed in his career. I know of nothing sadder, more tragical, than the end of that poor chevalier of the Order of Merit of Louis XVI, who had been a most doughty captain in our navy, and an admiral among the Russians, where political intrigue obscured his ability, dying as he did in Paris in 1792. I like to think of him better as I knew him in the fame that the victory of the Bon Homme Richard over the Serapis had secured him—when he took on rather the manner of a beau, assumed fine airs, sported the sword the king had given him, was petted by the ladies—even by Marie Antoinette, then in the fine heyday of her gaiety before her sad end. I mean the time when he had his celebrated affair with la Comtesse de Bourbon, and with Mme. Thellison.

For this little swarthy fellow, with his peering eye, his boasting over the greatness of the republic he served so well, was ever the admirer of a petticoat when its wearer was fair. I am told he had several duels on his hands on that account, of one of which and its mysterious cause Dr. Franklin himself has preserved the account.

But there is another—one between himself and one of the fairest, cleverest, most charming and dangerous women of the court at Versailles, which I have never seen recorded, and which I will put down as I had it myself from the great captain's lips.

The lady was la Comtesse Hortense Le Fevre,



He was not surprised to find a pretty scented note in Mme. Le Fevre's hand.

a rich young widow, and who, besides Capt. Paul, had many aspirants to her favor, among others Lord Whittlesey, of the English Foreign Office. In the end she became, as you will remember, the Countess of Whittlesey, the mother of the present earl (1813).

Now, at that time, the English were piqued at Capt. Jones, would not allow him any merits excepting of the Capt. Kidd order, and dearly wished to catch him that they might swing him from a yard-arm.

Well, Capt. Jones, just then idle, and because he was a man who must have some activity, even if it were playing with the fire of the devil, found time for many affairs, as I have said. Among others he conceived the passion for Mme. Le Fevre. She was of medium height, fair, plump, with the most bewitching lips and enticing gray eyes; always exquisitely gowned among Marie Antoinette's ladies—always most proficient at the affected simplicity that played about the Little Trianon.

And behold our swarthy American captain, the great son of a Scotch gardener, sighing for her, until all the court noticed it and made sport of him, and called him Mme. la Comtesse's "Poor Paul." And Madame herself liked it all, counting him but one more victim. But she played him off, as she did many other gentlemen, French, Italian, Germans and Russians, who wrote verses to her and called her the fair, cruel, cold Le Fevre, after the fashion of that day, when the sentimentality, as M. Rousseau so well expressed it, but hid the horrid seriousness of the time under this veneer all "out of joint."

She smiled, as I say, on all; had no favorite; flirted and encouraged just enough without suffering scandal to touch her skirts. And in the meantime, though no one knew it, she had become secretly plighted to Lord Whittlesey. It would not have been prudent for a lady who courted popularity at Versailles at this period to have confessed a *pénchant* for an Englishman.

Now, while our captain was a shrewd fellow on the quarter-deck, he was a simpleton where a woman was concerned, as many brave men before and since have been. More than simple, he was as vain as a peacock over his achievement in this direction.

And so one night after a great affair at court, when Mme. la Comtesse had been particularly cold, he was not surprised on returning to his lodging to find a pretty scented note on his table, in Mme. Le Fevre's hand, by all the gods of love and war. He puffed up indeed after all the chagrin of defeat. "You never can tell about a woman," he muttered. "When her manner is distant she sometimes likes you most." And with this trite reflection, which shows how silly a really brave man may be when out of his element, the doughty captain opened the note, which read:

"MY DEAR CAPTAIN.—If you will be at nine o'clock to-morrow evening entirely alone at the house with the carved griffins on the Rue Richelieu you will learn that the admiration of a brave and famous sailor is appreciated. Raise the knocker three times in quick succession."

"Hortense Le Fevre."

For a moment, despite all his vanity about his achievements with the sex, Capt. Jones wondered. Could it be true? But there was the note and her name.

If Capt. Jones had been himself he never would have run into the snare. Yet possibly he was, after all, his simple, natural self, the gardener's son, not quite to the manner born—a bit too vain—too credulous of his possible achievement with great ladies.

The long, next day lagged. He powdered his hair, and put on his gayest costume, and the fine sword Louis XVI had given him in compliment of the victory of Le Bon Homme Richard; then when near the hour he sallied forth to keep the appointment, for he never doubted but that his charmer awaited him.

The house, a building of the Fourth Henry's time, he often had noticed. For with the curiously carved griffins at each side of the door, bearing the arms of a former prince of Conde, it was unmistakable.

Now, as he took his eager way through the darkening streets he had no difficulty in finding it. The streets of Paris were not then as clearly as they were to become in the great emperor's time; and the captain, who walked, as a matter of caution, was grieved to think that his shoes and stockings were mud-spattered. He stood there for a moment, among the few passers, thinking ruefully that this was the case, and observing closely the shuttered front of the house. And, then, although that silent, impassive front had made him a bit suspicious, he lifted the knocker once, twice, thrice, just at nine o'clock. A lover, like a warrior, should be exact in his appointments.

But was he not in fact ahead of the time? Was it only a trick? He started to lift the knocker again, when the heavy door swung open a crack and a wrinkled face peered over the chain.

"Capt. Paul Jones?" queried an uncertain voice.

"Yes, I," assented Capt. Jones, when the chain rattled, was loosed, the door swung open on a hall all dark, and the concierge, or whatever she was, motioned him in. The woman closed the door, leaving him in the blackness of the interior, now for the first time with the thought of the need of caution.

And as he thought of possibilities of danger after all the ardor of his hope, he was caught from behind by strong, invisible arms, a gag was passed over his face; and though he tried to struggle, and he was one of those little wiry men, it was all in vain. He was borne to the floor, bound, and his eyes bandaged, his assailants the meantime saying not a word.

The whole occurrence was uncanny—this sudden attack in the obscurity of the house where he had expected light and laughter—the strong men who nutely held him, and against whom any struggle was vain—these circumstances left the Chevalier Paul Jones shivering, bound and gagged, and blindfolded as he was, and thrust aside in a corner, like a dead thing. And then, as he strained his ears, his hearing indeed being the only faculty of which these braves had left him the use—he heard doors shutting and the sound of heavy steps on the hard floors of deserted rooms. His reason began to return then, and the first thing that occurred to him was that his silent assailants had worn no shoes. Was this man, or men, different? And then, of course, he perceived that, having accomplished the assault, need of silence no longer existed. That was patent. They had put on their shoes. But again the house grew still, excepting for his breathing.

His hands tied behind him and his feet together, with a strong rope that cut into the flesh—his eyes bandaged, his mouth gagged—finding struggling useless, and only knowing that the assailants had dropped him where they had taken him, our brave chevalier was indeed in a horrid predicament. The only thing he could do was to roll over the floor. He



As he lay there his heart was bitter.

could do that with difficulty, and to and fro right and left; and he began the examination of the room in that awkward manner, which was the only way that indeed was possible.

Rolling to his right about three feet, he brought up against a wall. To his left, a distance of ten feet, he bumped his head, which the tortoise-like movement brought first against the wall. This was a hall, fourteen feet more or less, broad. He judged the distance from the number of turns his body made, while he paused, breathing hard, as this effort, bound as he was, is most exhausting. If you do not believe me, have yourself bound tight, hands and feet, gagged and eyes blindfolded, and then try to roll about.

As the Chevalier Jones lay there in this fashion, breathing hard, and his plight apparently hopeless enough, he thought in a revengeful spirit of Mme. Le Fevre, who plainly had brought him into the plight. He remembered that two days after there was to be a great ball at Versailles, on which he had counted. He thought of the fine clothes

he had worn to the appointment, which were torn and hopelessly ruined. He thought of the sword the king had given him and which the assailants had taken away. And as he lay there his heart was bitter over the simplicity of the stratagem.

And what did they intend to do with him? For a moment he was cold with perspiration as he thought the men would return, carry him out, and perhaps drop him into the Seine. Then he reflected that if they had wanted to be rid of him they would have killed him with a sword or dagger thrust. More likely they wanted to kidnap him. If they had wished to kill him they certainly would have stabbed him beyond any noise. But why should they wish to kidnap him unless—

The plot suddenly became as clear as day. They would carry him to the coast, put him on some smuggler, and deliver him to the authorities in England, who had a large reward offered for his apprehension as a pirate dangerous to his majesty's shipping and coast. Had he not himself abducted Lord Selkirk? And now the same methods were tried on him, the abductor, Mme. Le Fevre plainly had engaged some desperate fellows, of whom Paris held many, who, having nothing to lose, gladly had embraced the chance of obtaining the reward offered for



He noticed a vine that crept up the stones.

the apprehension of the "pirate Paul Jones." They had caught him neatly and now they had gone after the carriage which was to carry him out of Paris.

Impatient and angered over his own simplicity in this matter—his wretched vanity about women—he began to struggle and roll about again. After he had struggled for some time vainly at his bonds, the spirit of investigation returned, and he began to roll over and over, now in the other direction of the room.

Counting the distance with the same method of calculating it he had used before, the length of that room seemed endless. He knew he must make considerable noise with his shuffling about in that house, which apparently was now deserted.

Pausing out of utter exhaustion and breathing hard, with the gag cutting into his mouth, he almost despaired. And then taking courage he again began to move about, when he thought his hands were not so much hindered. Certain, all at once, that the rope had stretched, he stopped his rolling and tried to move the arm that seemed to be least confined. As he did this the rope stretched further. With hope he worked at it again. These fellows were not sailors in the tying of a knot, God be thanked; and after a half hour in this struggle he was able to free a hand.

Now give a man like Capt. Paul Jones one hand free and he could accomplish the rest. Twenty minutes after he was on his feet, bruised and maimed between his struggles with his assailants and the scarcely less severe one with his bonds. But he was free again, clothes torn, himself cut and bruised, the ropes and bandages that had confined him in a heap on the floor.

The room was dark except for the light that entered from a high window in the rear.

And just then he heard steps as from some distant part of the house. Trying the front door, which had admitted him, he found it closed. In his desperation he turned through a door at the left, opposite to that from which the steps came. Seeing a window in this room he sprang toward it, pushed it up, while over his shoulder a glare of light fell from the next room.

"Gone!" cried a voice in consternation, and in English.

"The devil!" exclaimed another in French.

"Quick, he is in the next room!" said the first.

By this time Capt. Jones had his window opened, and, without pausing to examine where he was to land, he was over the sill, while a bullet fired by one of the pursuers whistled past his ear. He heard the report an instant after he sank on the soft turf. For, as luck would have it—the luck which favors those men that dare all things—he had fallen on the turf in the little garden back of this house. In the opened window above appeared suddenly two faces. There were two of them.

"Wretches," cried the Chevalier Jones, forgetting all prudence. "If I had known there were only two of you I had stopped to kill you."

For answer one of the fellows thrust his leg over the sill and dropped, with an oath, into the garden. Quicker than a flash, and not considering how many others might follow, Capt. Jones' fingers, still numbed with the bands, were at his throat, while the other fellow paused in the window above, disregarding his comrade's plight, or doubtless thinking he should be able to settle a man weakened as Capt. Paul Jones certainly must be after his terrible experience. At the moment a loud pounding was heard at the street door. The man in the window, knowing that this probably came from the watch aroused by the pistol shot, turned and fled from the window, doubtless considering it near impossible to get away over the high wall inclosing the garden, and knowing an exit in the rear.

Capt. Jones, left with his man and being still on top in the struggle, clung to the fellow's throat with the tenacity of desperation, till the man sank back choked into unconsciousness.

The noise and cries at the front door still continued.

By this time the excitement of the little action had restored Capt. Jones' sense. Kicking the fellow to find whether he was really

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unconscious, he looked up to see if he could not gain the house to admit the people at the door, who, he thought, undoubtedly were the watch. Noticing a vine that crept up the stones almost to the sill, he found that clinging to it he could gain the sill.

A lantern was on the floor of the room, as the desperadoes had left it.

In the meantime the knock and voices at the door were imperative.

"Open. In the king's name!"

"I cannot. They have taken the key."

"And who are you?" demanded the voice, the knocks ceasing.

"The Chevalier Paul Jones, beguiled to this house and robbed."

"The Chevalier Jones!" exclaimed the voice incredulously.

The chevalier, or better, the captain, as his proudest American title was, was known and admired throughout Paris. The watch could not believe it was he. He insisted he was Capt. Paul Jones. He told them to try the rear door, by which he believed one of the men had escaped. The house was on the corner of a lane turning from the Rue Richelieu into the adjoining street. The watch found easily an entrance by which the men in the house had escaped.

Capt. Paul Jones now had no difficulty in proving his identity to the captain of the watch, who recognized, for all his bruises and torn and dirtied person, that this was really the redoubtable American sailor.

One man had fled certainly. The woman who had admitted Capt. Jones was not to be found. The house had no furniture of any kind, and had been rented a week previously by an unknown man who had paid for six months in advance. In the garden the one fellow was found, just recovering consciousness, and recognized as a well known Parisian desperado.

This fellow would give no explanation of the plot, though smartly questioned at his trial. Preserving that "honor among thieves" which proves that some robbers might have made, under other circumstances, excellent and honorable soldiers, he died on the gallows bravely without a word of confession.

Capt. Paul Jones, now having quite recovered that pretty wit which had stood him in such good stead on many another occasion, drove at once to the minister, the Comte de Vergennes. Insistent on seeing him he suc-



"I have your note."

ceeded, and told the whole affair over, with his own belief that it had been a plot to abduct him and carry him to England. M. de Vergennes concurred with him that the object of justice might be gained best by keeping the affair entirely private, at least for some days. He congratulated Capt. Jones on having escaped as he did with only a few bruises. Capt. Jones, on his part, said that he was glad that he had not suffered the loss of the sword the king had given him, which had been found in one of the rooms of the house.

When M. de Vergennes questioned him narrowly about what had led to the appointment, he said he could not reveal the person's name. When M. de Vergennes was insistent that the facts might be laid properly before the minister of police, Capt. Jones was equally reticent. He could not tell.

"Ah, yes," acknowledged M. de Vergennes, since he was of the ever gallant race. "I partly comprehend, and I suppose I cannot shake your obstinacy."

M. de Vergennes could not. For Capt. Paul Jones, though this woman certainly had tried to carry out the most hideous plot against him, did not consider it quite fair to punish her as if

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she were a man. Besides, he shrewdly guessed that she would swear that her name had been used without her knowledge, that the conspirators had simply played on Capt. Jones' well known vanity about women. Nor, indeed, as a matter of pride, did he care to have himself shown in the ridiculous light which a statement of the exact truth to M. de Vergennes would put him.

But he had his own notion of a fine private revenge.

The next day no soul in Paris except his servant saw Capt. Paul Jones. He told the servant to tell all callers that his master had gone away the previous evening without explanation, and had not returned. In the meantime he took needed rest—as much as he could in his meditation over revenge, and with the painful bruises he had received. One eye was black, and that side of his face badly swollen.

The next evening following was that of the great ball at Versailles I have mentioned. In the midst of the festivities who should appear with black eye and swollen face but this gardener's son of Arbigland in Kirkendrightshire, the famous knight of his most Christian Majesty's Order of Merit, Capt. Paul Jones.

Everybody smiled. Mr. Franklin, who was our minister then, looked grave. What ridiculous row had Capt. Paul Jones been involved in now, to present so disreputable an appearance?

But though ladies giggled, before whom earlier in the week he would have shone, our great captain had no vanity on this occasion. He had only eyes for Mme. Le Fevre. In his pocket was the fatal note.

He was rewarded, nay, had almost positive proof. Mme. Le Fevre nearly fainted when she saw him.

He walked straight to her, when she was by an evident effort recovering her self-possession. "The heat here is oppressive, Capt. Jones," she said.

"May I have a word with you, madame?" She scanned him closely. The little captain looked dangerous. Relying on her wiles, she thought it best to humor him, to cajole him out of his bad humor. Some beautiful women, in the conceit of a thousand successes, believe they can do anything they wish with men; and was not woman the one vulnerable part in Capt. Jones' armor?

So, now smiling, though she was fearful enough, she let him take her aside into one of the recessed windows looking out on the great fountains of the inner court of the palace.

"And what have you to say, chevalier?" she began.

"To commiserate madame on her disappointment at finding I did not take a certain pleasant excursion to England."

Despite her knowledge of the great need of keeping her self-control to meet him squarely, Mme. Le Fevre trembled.

"Monsieur—" she began.

"I have your note," he began.

"My note! Give it to me, monsieur! Give it me, I pray! Surely you would not torture me so—you would—"

"Ah, madame," said Capt. Jones, "you have confessed—and I despise you—who—with all your charms, your greatness, your virtue, which I believe in, are yet more despicable than the poorest girl who passes on the street."

"You would not, monsieur?" cried the woman, in her desperation.

"Madame, if you appear at court after to-night I will tell all. I swear I will tell all."

Mme. Le Fevre began to weep.

Now, Capt. Jones, in telling me this story himself, confessed that he never could withstand a woman's tears, and this woman, despicable as she was, yet had made him in love with her charms. So, suddenly, impulsive as he was in such affairs, Capt. Jones took the letter from his pocket, and tore it into pieces.

"Madame," said he, "I fight men—not women, though I confess they are vastly more dangerous. I believe it's a brave man's part to use no force against a woman enemy, but simply to despise her—to hold her less than the dirt under his feet."

And, turning on his heel, he left her.

In telling the story long after, Capt. Jones said that no one in Paris ever had from him the true version of this adventure, and as I believe he esteemed it wrong, as he said, for a brave man to fight a woman, however dangerous she might be, I readily believed him.

[NOTE.—The lady in the case afterward married the earl of Whittlesey, a circumstance which may explain her motive in the affair. Her son is that young Lord Whittlesey, who lately distinguished himself in the Peninsular Campaign.]

F. MIDDLETON, Naples, January, 1813.]

THE END.

Kings and Queens Out of Work.

ACCORDING to Legitimists, who believe that kings are Divinely appointed, and that a crown should always descend to a direct heir, no matter how incapable of reigning he may be, Europe can boast a varied assortment of wrongful monarchs, who have no business whatever to be seated on a throne. England, Spain, Portugal, Italy, and some parts of Germany, need a change sadly to rightful sovereigns, and France is in a desperate plight.

Victoria I. is cordially invited to lay down a sceptre she has wielded, by some mistake, for more than half a century, as it really belongs to Mary, the wife of Prince Louis of Bavaria, who descends from that Blessed Martyr, King Charles I. We much fear that Mary, who will be Queen of Bavaria some day, if she has the patience to wait, stands but a poor chance among prosaic Britons, and had better stay where she is. She has ten children, and would probably call upon Great Britain to provide as handsomely for her German Stuart Princes and Princesses as we have done for Victoria's Hanoverian and Saxe-Coburg flock. This consideration alone is enough to make England cleave foully to the popular usurpers in possession, and refuse to look at the White Rose lot.

As for Spain and Portugal, each country is in a similar pickle over this Divine Rights business, its King being the grandson of a Queen Regnant whose uncle wanted the crown by virtue of the Salic law. In each case, the uncle's descendants are about still, and boast a

handful of followers who agitate at times for the change. Respecting that well-meaning and highly respectable man, the present King of Italy, not one dispossessed potentate, but the representatives of several, regard him as a usurper, and protest against his governing Tuscany, Modena, Parma, the Papal States and the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies.

The latest to claim our notice is Francois, Duc d'Anjou, who was born a Spaniard of Spaniards, and whose title would be written by most people as Duke of Seville; for his father was that Duke of Seville who was killed by the Duc de Montpensier in a duel. His grandfather, the younger brother of Queen Isabella's father, King Ferdinand VII., ranked as Duke of Cadiz. It almost passes ordinary comprehension how Francois can style himself a French prince, and expect to be recognized as one. In his claims on the throne of France he has two superiors among his Spanish relatives, and it is Don Carlos, Duke of Madrid, who is the true head of these Anjou Bonbons. Failing Don Carlos, who may prefer to languish hopelessly for little King Alfonso's crown, the Divine Right of another personage must not be ignored, if old rules are to prevail.

Don Francesco d'Assisi, husband of the ex-Queen Isabella, and uncle of this newest Duc d'Anjou, is the genuine King of France. He is only seventy-four years of age, and might smarten up for a few years' reign if invited and encouraged. When he died the French people could take over his next male heir, the young King of Spain; Don Carlos could mount the Spanish Throne, and everybody would be happy, except a dozen Pretenders left out in the cold.

Gounod at School.

From Les Memoires de Charles Gounod.

Poirson, the stern, inflexible head-master of the Lycee Charlemagne, listened impassively as Madame Gounod unburdened herself to him, anent the foolish freaks of her unhappy son.

"You have nothing to fear," he said; "your boy will not become a musician; he works hard, his teachers are pleased with him. I will make it my business to see him safe through with his preparatory work for the Ecole Normale. Leave him to me, the lad is not going to be a musician."

Subsequently the head master sent for the boy, but instead of reprimanding him and sending him back to his books, he said:

"You want to turn composer, eh? That remains to be seen. Here is some poetry, you shall set it to music and bring it to me when you have done."

And Mr. Poirson handed the pupil a sheet of paper on which he had written the words of the celebrated romance entitled Joseph:

A peine au sortir de l'enfance, etc.

Charles paid scant attention to his Latin that morning, for when play-time came around his romance was finished, and he ran with it to the head-master.

"I shall want a piano," said the young scamp.

Every lad in the school knew that the inexorable Mr. Poirson kept a piano in the house, for, to tell the truth, he was as fond of music as anyone; besides, we had often heard, on coming out of class, the strains of Rossini's music through the open window, as rendered by the deft fingers of Miss P., who was an accomplished player. But the austere master thought it doubtless highly improper to own to any liking for an instrument that Cicero and Plato had never known.

"A piano? I want no piano."

"Yes, but I do; for the harmony, you know."

"For the harmony! Where do you keep it, pray?"

The lad pointed to his forehead: "Here!"

"Never mind, sing on; we shall manage without."

We continue in the writer's own words: "I had barely got through half of the first stanza when I saw a change come over the face of my judge. This gave me courage. I felt that victory was on my side. I went on with greater confidence, and when I had done the head-master said, 'Now come to the piano.' I was triumphant; my armor was now complete. I once more recited my little piece, and at the close poor Mr. Poirson, with tears in his eyes, took my hand in his hands and kissed me, saying:

"Go on, my lad; make music to your heart's content."

Still, Gounod did not allow his passion for music to interfere with his lessons, and his masters had every reason to be satisfied with him. One year the whole of his form had two days taken off their Easter vacation for some crime or other, perpetrated by one of the boys who had failed to report himself.

"It came into my head to attack Mr. Roberge, our master, on his weak side, and endeavor to move him. Without saying a word to my mates, I wrote out a composition in Latin verse, having for its subject the sorrows of the little birds confined in a cage far from the fields, the woods, the sunshine, and the fresh air, and clamoring for their liberty. I placed it on his desk unobserved. He espied the paper, unfolded it, and began to read. Then he said: 'Gentlemen, who is the author of this bit of poetry?'

"I raised my hand."

"It is very good," he said, adding, 'I cancel the punishment. You may thank your comrade Gounod, by whose efforts you have obtained your release.'

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After the Sermon.



Sallie—Hurry, mamma, the conductor's coming.

He Did Not Go to Australia.

Nothing is easier than to recommend a man to go to Australia. A dozen words or so out of your mouth and you have done it. But for him to act on your advice—that is a gray horse of another color. You see, Australia is half way around the world; and to pull up stakes and go there—family, interests, and all—is a job no man takes in hand save for the strongest sort of reasons.

Yet that is what Mr. Emrys Morgan Price, grocer and tea merchant, of Trehafof road, Hafod, S. Wales, was advised to do by a doctor at Merthyr. Now, we don't say but that the result, if Mr. Price had gone, would have proved the doctor's judgment to be sound; but as it happened Mr. Price came out all right in the end by just staying at home.

The facts are briefly these: In August, 1881, the customary choral competition took place at Abergavenny, and Mr. Price attended. In some way he fails to state how, and it doesn't matter—he took cold and had a chill. When he arrived home at Trehafof, he could scarcely breathe. He drew his lungs full of air, and it was quite impossible. In fact, he felt as if he were suffocating. Of course, there was no more thought of singing; the question was one of getting breath enough to live on. He at once tried that good old-fashioned remedy, mustard plasters, putting them on his chest and perhaps on his back between the shoulder blades. They relieved him for the time, as we might expect. But mustard plasters do one thing no more. They draw some blood from the inflamed parts to the surface; that's all. When they have set down on the lungs, the reason being that they are done; they don't get down to deep causes. And here there was a deep cause. We will point it out presently.

There was a constant whistling noise in his throat, he says. You hear it in children when they have croup. It means that the air passages are contracted and the breath has to pass violently through a small orifice. Disease has often strangled people to death that way. "Next," he says, "a violent cough set in. I coughed and spat up thick phlegm night and day."

This meant more and worse inflammation, and shows us the spectacle of Nature trying to get rid of the product—the phlegm or mucus. But to cough night and day! Think of it. What becomes of a man's appetite and sleep? You can imagine. No wonder the doctor at Merthyr was anxious and suggested a change of climate.

Still, Mr. Price, as we have said, remained at home and consulted other physicians, one at Dolowais and one at Hafod. All the doctors agreed that their patient was suffering from acute bronchitis, and very properly treated him for that. Yet somehow their medicines failed to effect any real and radical good. They were temporarily helpful we may not doubt. But, you see, bronchitis, once seated, is an obstinate and progressive ailment. It has a tendency to take up new ground and to get down on the lungs, the reason being that the lining of the air passages and of the lungs is all one thing. So an affection of any part of it, if not cured, spreads like fire in dry grass.

"As time went on," says Mr. Price, "I got weaker and weaker, and my breathing became distressing to hear. All my friends thought I was in a consumption, and as a sister of mine had died of that complaint, I naturally felt alarmed. Indeed, one night in July, 1885, I was so bad that my wife thought I was dying."

Happily the lady was mistaken, yet death sometimes comes with fearful suddenness in that complaint, and her fear was very reasonable. At that time, please remember, our good friend had suffered about four years, and was in a state of low vitality. The whole body was feeble and exhausted, and there would have been nothing surprising in a fatal termination. But a better result was in store, as we shall now see.

Mr. Price's letter, dated August 16th, 1893, concludes in these words: "Better and worse I continued in the power of this malady year after year, and had given up all hopes of ever getting better. In February, 1887, after having endured it 5½ years I read of a person at Pontypool having been cured of the same thing by Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I got a supply of it, and in a few days I felt relief. I kept on with it and gradually improved. In six months the cough had left me and I was a well man. Since then I have been sound as a bell. If you like you may publish my statement and I will gladly answer any inquiries. (Signed) Emrys Morgan Price."

Good! That is pleasant and cheering to hear. One word—an important word. Bronchitis, pneumonia, rheumatism, gout, nervous disorders, liver complaint, kidney trouble, and most of our familiar diseases are caused by poison in the blood; and the poison is produced by stomach fermentation, indigestion, and dyspepsia. Consumption itself comes in the same way. Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup drives out the poison and stops the manufacture of more. That's why it cured Mr. Price and will cure anybody.

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substantial out of a single composition. In the Gloaming, which was written by her nineteen years ago, has produced in royalties what to many people would be quite a fortune. In fact, in one year alone the composer reaped 85,000 from it.

On Her Promotion.

Schwarzwälder Kreiszeitung.

Maid—Madame, I beg to inform you that I have gained the first prize in the lottery.

Mistress—That means, I suppose, that we must part?

Maid—Certainly; unless you are disposed to enter my service!

Courtesy.

"Did you see Brookton?" he asked as the bill-collector came in.

"Yes, sir; I went in and told him I was a bill-collector."

"And what did he say?"

"He said he was, too, and that if I'd leave my bill he'd take pleasure in adding it to his collection."

NO. 7.

Kiln-Drying—the Cheap Way



There are two ways of kiln-drying—the right and the wrong—the careful, scientific way and the quick save-a-cent way. In these days of feverish activity manufacturers seem to favor the quickest methods. The usual kilns subject the wood to excessive DRY heat first, called "hot blast," at temperature about 200 degrees. Put in the kiln, full of sap, the green wood is dried up on the outside first, closing the outer pores, while the inside is full of sap, shut in and sealed up by the tight-shut outside pores. This kind of wood twists, cracks and curls and, even after it is made up, cannot be relied upon.

That is the wrong way.

The next advertisement will show the right way—our way.

Platte Piano Co. MONTREAL.

1676 Notre Dame Street

Saves...

trouble
time
and
money

"REINDEER" Brand

CONDENSED COFFEE

Excellent for Camping, Picnics and Outings.

Contains cream and granulated sugar. You have only to add boiling water.

TRY IT!



PIANOS FOR SUMMER RESORTS

We have a choice renting stock, and parties desiring pianos for summer resorts anywhere in Canada should address

The R. S. WILLIAMS & SONS CO., Ltd.
143 YONGE STREET.

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Cor. Yonge and College Sts., Room 5, 2nd Floor
Over Canadian Bank of Commerce. Telephone 464

DR. HAROLD CLARK, Dentist
45 King St. W. (Over Hooper's Drug Store), Toronto

MASSAGE.

MASSAGE—Mr. & Mrs. Thos. J. R. Cook
Graduates of West End Hospital, London, Eng.
306 KING STREET WEST
References from leading physicians. Phone 1286.

MEDICAL.

DR. PALMER, Surgeon
Eye, Ear, Throat and Nose
40 COLLEGE STREET

G. P. SYLVESTER, M.D.
Successor to Dr. Atherton
Office and Residence, cor. Church and Isabella Sts



In Victoria Park. Grove at the Foot of the Tower.

THE Wednesday half-holiday, observed by thousands of shopkeepers, and the Saturday half-holiday which liberates a mighty army of bread-winners, should see our parks well peopled in this leafy month of June. The scenery is now at its most beautiful stage and all the scents of spring are yet in the woods. The wild flowers are now living their brief and brilliant lives, and the wild birds are singing as they will not sing later in the year, when the romance of love gives place to the cares of parent-hood.

There are thousands of people who have lived in Toronto for ten or a dozen years and have never set foot in any of the parks unless, perhaps, Island Park and those in the center of the city. To ignore the outlying parks is a crime against nature. Those in the center of the town are stuffy, artificial and formal, because it is necessary that they should have excellent drive-ways, greenward and "tame" flowers in place of wild ones. But when you leave the street car to enter High Park in the west, or Munro Park or Victoria Park in the east, you feel at once that it is but a step from the smoke and noise of the city into the very heart of nature. High Park has beautiful carriage drives, and they run through natural woods in which ferns and wild flowers grow profusely. You can ramble in a hundred groves, or lose yourself for an hour in almost any direction.

As you approach Munro and Victoria Parks the smell of the pines and the thousand sweet odors of the real wild-wood greet you. Only rocks are needed to give these parks all the beauties of Muskoka—an undiscovered Muskoka at our very doors, and you can be delivered there in an hour from the remotest part of the city for the cost of a street car ticket.

Convinced that the great majority of the people of Toronto are unfamiliar with the beautiful resorts at the east and west of the city, we give this week a number of pictures showing glimpses of the beauty that lies all summer, comparatively unadmired, within sight of a city containing nearly two hundred thousand people. Most of the pictures represent scenes in Munro Park because it is a new resort, almost entirely unknown, and because it possesses the singular charm of being in a state of nature. This park is known to some as "the old Munro property," and the Street Railway Company, with considerable enterprise, have leased it for a term of years and thrown it open freely to the public as a picnic ground. It lies just this side of Victoria Park, which is controlled by Gardiner Bros., and is also now free to the public. These two places, practically thrown together, constitute a rare resort.

In one respect the Munro Park pictures entirely fail, for they do not convey any fair idea of the beautiful beach, with its shallow water and stretches of level sand, backed up by precipitous banks with greenward and trees—maple, beech and birch—growing to the very brink. Along this bank one can swing a hammock between trees, enjoy the most perfect shade, overlook the lake, and see Toronto Island floating low on the water. Munro Park impresses one as the ideal picnic ground. There is in the center plenty of open space for the playing of games; along the water front there is a strip of natural woods, while the greater

part of the park is in a state of nature, with a long and winding ravine through which a little stream runs. Beautiful ferns and wild flowers are abundant, and through it all foot-paths turn in and out. I understand that the park is to remain as nature made it, and that there-

always made the little spot a favorite rendezvous.

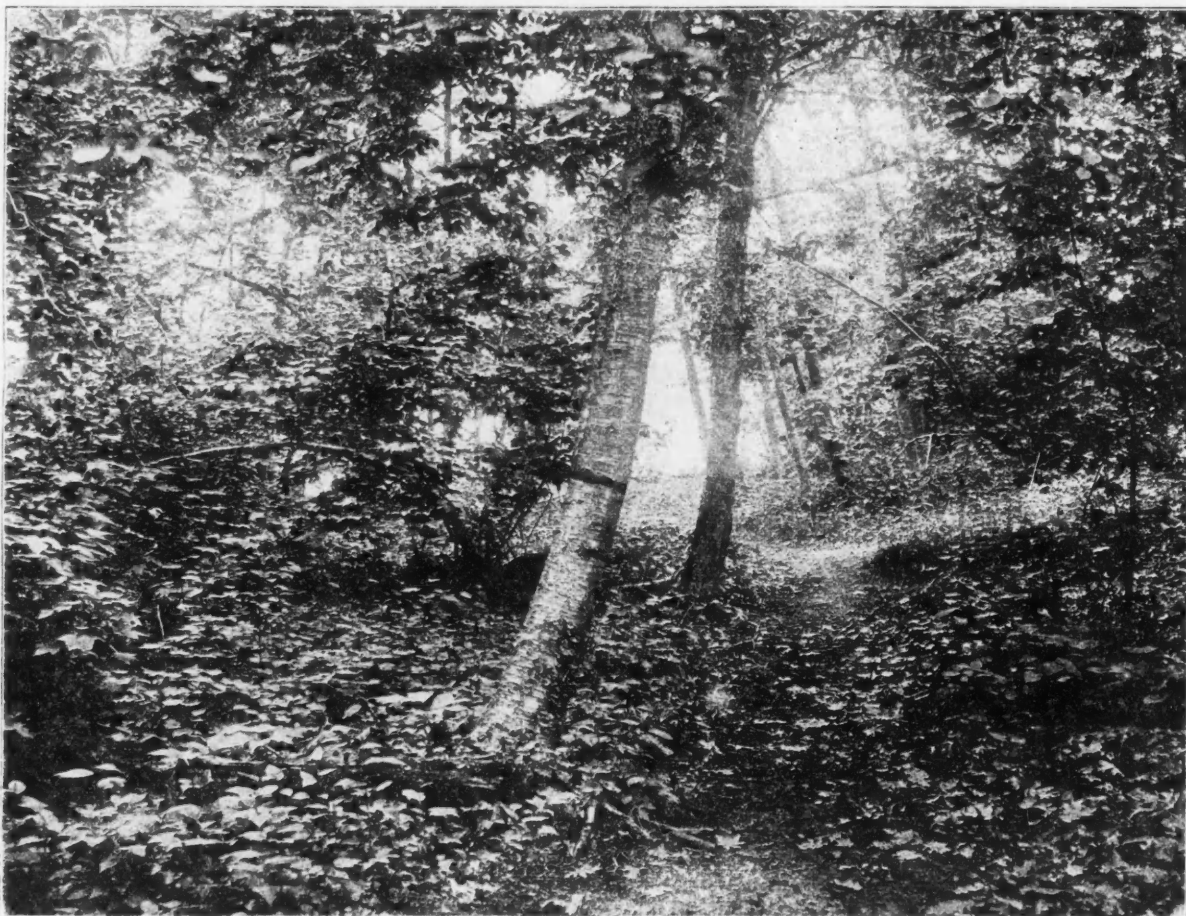
Great changes are taking place in this city and people are paying very little heed to them.

If a man who had been born blind should some night have the power of sight miracu-

define closer things more accurately. At length he would see a development so grand that it would surpass even the conceptions of heaven which he had gathered from hymns of praise and the sermons of the preacher—the sun rising up and dispersing the shadows of the night. He would consider it a phenomenon, a thing that could not possibly have ever happened on earth before, or he would have heard the shouts of wondering admiration. The people were not crowding the streets to behold the glory of the demonstration; he would think that they could not surely be aware of what was passing, and he would want to rouse up the citizens of the whole earth and call them out to see the great marvel that God was working in the sky. And then he would see a man plodding around a corner, unmindful of the scene; others would come and go, none showing the least consciousness of the flood of golden sunlight. During the day he would see ten thousand marvels. The despised dandelion by the wayside would fascinate him as something more strange and beautiful than anything he had ever conceived of. He would give rapt attention to the sunset and the falling curtains of the night, and every moment would grant him an ecstasy. Would it not be a blessing to be blind for thirty years to receive sight for twenty-four hours? But if the blessing of sight remained permanently with such a man, he would, in about a week, sleep late in the mornings as others do, and let the sun set and be hanged to it, as others do.

We grow accustomed to our surroundings. Turn a beggar loose in a palace and the first day he will almost be afraid to breathe, and the first night he will sleep in one of the porticos. Before a week is out he will dress himself in purple, sing comic songs in the throne room, and sleep at night in a golden bed with a crown on. It is human nature.

When it was proposed to change the horse-cars into an electric street railway system in Toronto, a great public interest was manifested. It would create a revolution, people said. We are accustomed to electric cars now and take rapid transit as a matter of course. If a car is delayed for a few moments the passengers fret under the discomfort more than they used to do when a street-car horse died on the track. A transfer ticket was a wonderful thing not long ago; now it is a part of daily life.



A Pretty Path in Munro Park.

lously conferred upon him, would not the next twenty-four hours be ample reward for all he lost by his years of blindness? Imagine him awaking in the night and seeing dimly the outlines of his chamber—the bed-posts, the chair by the window, the window itself. The gloom of midnight would afford him a revelation such as the most brilliant noon-day had never yielded to one always in possession of eyesight.

"This," he would say, leaning eagerly out of the window, "is the world. I can see! Oh, the splendid gift of vision! It is glorious; it is more glorious than I had ever dreamed." While he would be still looking and admiring and uttering exclamations of delight, he would observe a slow whiteness growing in one part of the sky, for to him there would as yet be neither east nor west; he would perceive new objects in the distance and

lously conferred upon him, would not the next twenty-four hours be ample reward for all he lost by his years of blindness? Imagine him awaking in the night and seeing dimly the outlines of his chamber—the bed-posts, the chair by the window, the window itself. The gloom of midnight would afford him a revelation such as the most brilliant noon-day had never yielded to one always in possession of eyesight.

Cars used to run on only a few streets; now there is a net-work of lines all over the city. Cars connect with the Junction line, and up Yonge with the Metropolitan line; they run into High Park in the west, and for two or three miles over the Don, almost to Munro Park, Victoria Park and Kew Beach. These improvements have come about gradually, and one fails to realize the important total that has been reached in the way of changes.

In five years our street-car system has jumped from the status of a village concern to metropolitan dimensions, yet it is very seldom indeed that any resident of the city stops to comment upon the development or to recall the conditions that we have outgrown.

When Toronto was a small place every resident was within five minutes' walk of green fields and shaded woods. When the place spread out in its area and increased in its population, a primitive kind of street car service was found necessary and it was provided, and residents still were within a few minutes' travel of the green fields. Then came a long period in which the city grew by leaps and bounds, but the means of transit remained almost as it had been. The population increased from 65,000 in 1881 to 180,000 in 1891, and the means of transit within the city showed no corresponding development. In that time people were weaned away from the practice of spending the evenings of the week and Sunday afternoons in the woods and fields. Then electric cars were introduced, new lines were laid down in all directions and old lines extended to the parks on the east, west and north, and so once again the people are placed in touch with outlying nature. There seems to be running through life a law of compensation that adjusts our relations when they begin to approach the intolerable.

On the last two Sundays and on Thursday, June 4, reporters of SATURDAY NIGHT, accompanied by photographers, visited several of the



Sunday Afternoon in High Park. Photo taken May 31.

parks, or, to be more precise, Munro, Victoria, Riverdale, Reservoir and High Parks. The Sunday trips were made in order to see to what extent the parks were peopled on the day of rest.

We found High Park alive from early morning until late at night with bicycle riders. The High Park picture reproduced here was taken on the afternoon of Sunday, May 31, and if you will examine it you will see our present system well illustrated. The picture was taken hap-hazard. Only half a dozen people included in the scene knew that a photographer was present. The picture shows that the three hundred and seventy-five acres of High Park are held in fee on Sunday by the able-bodied, by strong men and healthy women, by those who in finances and in health are able to possess and ride a bicycle. The picture does not show children with their mothers, or old people enjoying a breath of country air. Young men of the better classes—able, anyhow, to own wheels, and they are expensive—business men, clerks, artisans, many of them accompanied by their wives or sisters, also riding wheels; these are the only ones who, in numbers and with regularity, can avail themselves of the parks on Sunday. These, and the happy possessors of carriages, are certainly the only ones who can enjoy the rare treat of visiting Munro and Victoria Parks on Sunday, for the gate of Munro Park, which is the nearest, must lie four and a half miles from the corner of King and Yonge streets. We found these two parks absolutely empty on Sunday, May 31, until about two o'clock in the afternoon, when wheelmen began to arrive.

Our reporter asked a boy who seemed familiar with these parks if many people usually came there on Sunday from the city. "No, only wheelmen come on Sunday. Nobody else can get down, but a lot of people always come over from Little York."

Here it is in a nutshell. Our investigation of the parks for two Sundays has convinced us (and we challenge all men to go through the parks as we have done and escape this conviction if they can) that those who can avail themselves of the shade, the sweet odors, and the quiet of the suburban parks on Sunday, now do so. Those Muskoka-like parks lying at the eastern terminus of the King street tracks, are used by wheelmen from the city and by those who live in East Toronto and Little York. Riverdale Park is used by those who are within walking distance of it. Reservoir Park had people reclining in every shady nook. High Park is used by wheelmen from all parts of the city, and by those who live in the extremities of Parkdale.

That is, the parks are open and accessible to the people on the six days when they are too busy to avail themselves of their advantages, and on the other day the parks pass into possession of a limited few, those who live in their immediate vicinity and those who possess wheels or carriages.

The bicycle is solving the Sunday problem, but the solution which is thus being found is perhaps not the very best. Any condition that divides up the family is faulty. To solve the problem of Sunday transit by mounting the sons and daughters of the city upon the wings of the wind, while their fathers and mothers are



Sunday Afternoon in Victoria Park.



Victoria Park—View from the top of the hill.



Day Afternoon in High Park.

Photo taken May 31.

deprived of every means of locomotion save the feet that were born on them, cannot surely be thought wise. A census of cyclists, taken on a recent Sunday by the *Evening Star*, showed that about six thousand wheels on that day went out of the city at the west and east gates, and of these nearly two thousand were girls and young ladies. The great majority of the cyclists went to the suburban parks in which the photographs reproduced by us this week were taken. So far there is such a chivalry among wheelmen that if a lady cyclist were offered an affront, twenty champions would arise on the instant to protect her; but in a world of young people a few chaperones and guardians are not out of place, and the necessity for them will be more marked after a while than it has yet been. When young people enjoy a freedom on Sunday which older folks describe as an excess—when they defy home and church sentiment and find that in doing so they have gained innocent pleasure and recreation—they are thus put into a humor to question one by one all the other restrictions put upon them by society. If a child were taught that all sins were of one magnitude and that to whistle were a sin, he would, once he decided that his teachers were wrong in respect to whistling, proceed to examine their doctrines under this new light. If a child were taught that water and whisky were equally vile and wicked fluids, and he found for himself that water was one of God's greatest gifts to man, his teachers would be discredited in his sight and he would proceed to test whisky for himself in the same way as he had tested water. The moral of it is that those who would rule and teach must rule wisely and teach truths. A mixture of truth and error is bad, for when the false is discovered the whole mixture is discredited, so that truth suffers for a time. This is called a "reaction," and there have been many of them in the world's history.

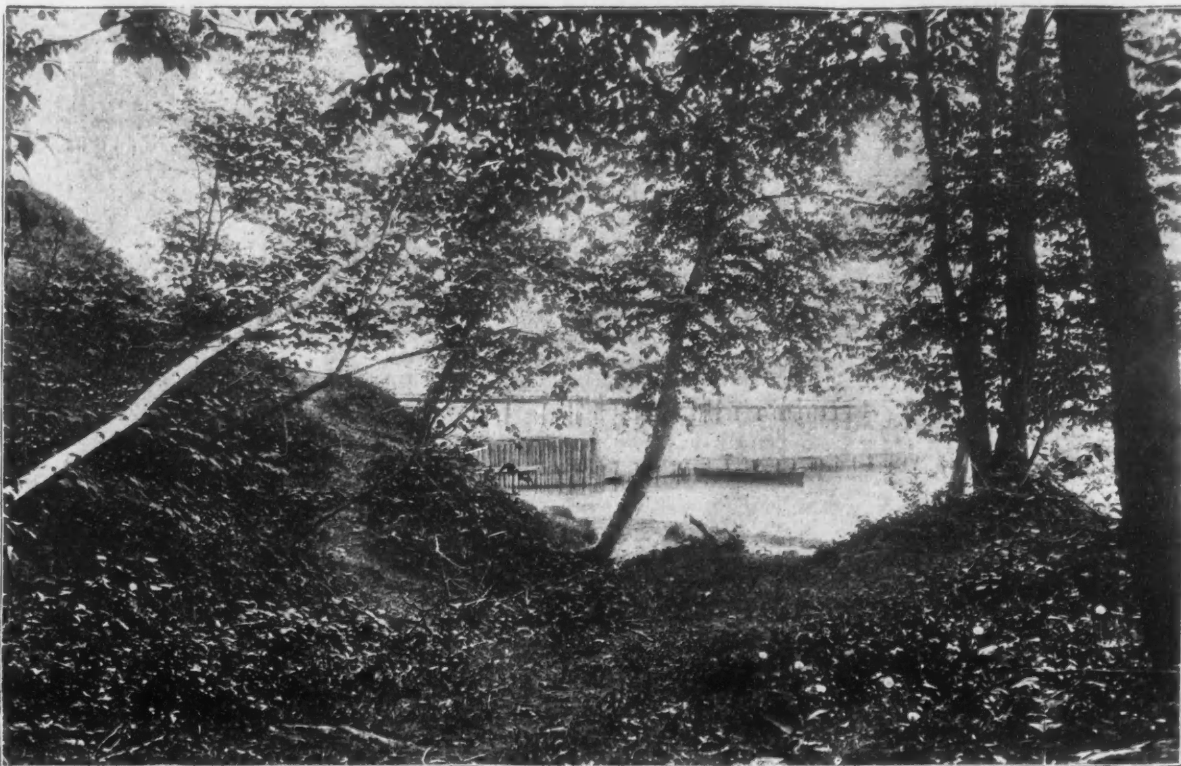
It is a fine sight to see a family putting in a half-holiday in Victoria or Munro Park. Open field, grassy shade, shelving beach and natural forest, all yield their novel delights to city children, and it is almost impossible for a family going for the first time on such an outing, to guess accurately the quantity of provisions that will be needed. Every member of the family eats like a trooper.

Men who work all the week, for nine or ten hours a day, in shops, factories and foundries—in intense heat, amid smoke and clouds of metal dust, hearing the scream of filing steel, the crash of falling weights, the din and roar of big machines that must be fed at one end and cleared away at the other—these are the men who can enjoy the quiet, the shade and the fragrance of the parks in June. Even the dusty and hot streets of the city are pleasant by contrast with the stifling air, the din and dirt of their daily occupation, but when they can get to places where the beauties of the forest, the conveniences of civilization and pleasant human companionship can be enjoyed all at once, then indeed they feel the contrast and enjoy the change. They get real pure air into their lungs for the first time, perhaps, in years. Those who can boast of being country-bred will find that by going to the eastern terminus of the King street track at the cost of a street car fare, they

will be able to spend a day in Muskoka air and scenery and renew their youth at the fount of nature.

It would be beneficial to working people if they would get into the habit of spending their half-holidays in the woods and fields, rather than in crowded grand stands, watching one sort of contest or another. A man's wife and family can accompany him on this kind of an outing. It is often remarked by those who travel in continental Europe that people get their pleasures over there very differently from the way pleasure is secured in Canada and the United States. In the German parks, family groups are everywhere, and even the Sunday beer gardens are moral places, because every man has his wife and children with him, and so will neither indulge in excess himself nor countenance excess in others. Those who talk of continental beer gardens fall against a name, as the only way they can form a conception of such places is to imagine cheap beer and music in our own parks on Sunday. Sunday beer gardens in Toronto would be very different places from what they are in Germany, for the reason that beer is chiefly used in Canada as a means of getting drunk, while in Germany one never sees a drunken man. Germany is saved by the social custom that requires men to take their families with them when they seek pleasure or rest.

The rough pursuits in which men used to engage in this country when it was new and largely unsettled, probably have much to do with founding the habit that is followed here. It would undoubtedly be better if families held together on Sundays and half-holidays, instead of dividing up; the father going off somewhere by himself, the mother working at home, the boys going off with other boys, and the girls with other girls. If the family held together it would be better for the parents, and the children would be better mannered and less "advanced" than they are. Fathers shun a serious obligation when they throw their chil-



The Mouth of the Ravine, Munro Park.

from the fact that they do not go. Business detains them or other pleasures divert them. That Sunday is eagerly seized upon as a chance to visit the park by all who live within sight

from the necessity of waiting for the permission of a majority of the electors to go where they desire to go on Sunday. These people have a Sunday car service of their own. They

be wrested from them were it possible.

Are the churches injured by it? Possibly the churches as financial institutions are injured, perhaps even the cause of religion is injured in a measure, because almost one-half the population of the city entertains a grievance against the churches in this very matter. Sunday bicycle riders and car advocates are not necessarily opposed to the churches and to the cause of religion, but for five years they have had a quarrel fastened on them, have been expelled, rebuked, preached at and prayed for in places of worship, until the church has become an uncomfortable place for them. Scores, hundreds, thousands of church members and adherents have been disaffected and have grown lukewarm through the Sunday car question and the harsh judgments passed upon them by pastors. These people feel that they are out of place in a church where their opinions are attacked as wicked and destructive of religion, and harmony cannot be restored and the disaffected brought back until the churches cease to practice upon half the people the injustice that has been persevered in for five years.

It is a matter of majorities now and not of morals, and it is only reasonable that the oppressed should show some resentment.

Clergyman—No; Sunday was not intended to be spent in fishing. His Little Son—Isn't it strange, papa, that the fish bite on Sunday?—*Life*.

Bacon—It's funny you don't ride. Ebert—I'm waiting until they have bicycles built for two. "You can get tandems now." "I know; I mean a bicycle built for \$2."—*Yankees State-man*.

Friend—Is George with his father now? Mother—No. The hours were too long for George. Friend—Injured his health, perhaps? Mother—No; but they prevented him from attending five-o'clock teas. —*Puck*.

Mrs. Farmer—You say you was a soldier in the late war? Truthful Tomkins—Yes; I wuz killed at Antietam. Mrs. Farmer—Killed! Truthful Tomkins—Theoretically killed, ma'am; I wuz never heard of afterwards.

Mose Johnson—Wot ails yo'r countenance, Jim? Jim Jackson—I dun' called onto Miss Snodlake last evenin', an' dum' a little love-spat, she dun' biled me wit a flat-iron. Mose Johnson—Yo' sly cuss! I did n' know yo' two wuz engaged.

An enterprising London shop-keeper keeps a register of births as announced in the newspapers, and, shortly before each child's next birthday arrives, he sends its mother a typewritten letter, calling attention to suitable gifts in his stock, with wishes for many happy returns of the day.



Overlooking the Lake, Munro Park.

draw upon their own resources on Saturday, and then on Sunday tie them down to church and the back-yard—making Saturday a day of unbridled license and Sunday a day of inflexible restraints.

There are plenty of parks in and about Toronto, and our desire is to so indicate their beauties that June will not be allowed to pass away without the tired workers of the city enjoying them.

The city parks proper, that is, those that come under the management of Park Commissioner Chambers, are, with their acreage, as follows:

	No. of acres.
High Park	375
Island Park	325
Riverdale Park	112
Queen's Park	112
Exhibition Park	100
Bellwoods Park	15
Stanley Park	14
Ketchikan Park	4
Memorial Park	25
Horticultural Gardens	105
Dovercourt Park	2
Reservoir Park	30
Clarendon, St. Andrew's, Bellevue, St. Alban's, Carlton and Walmer Road	84
Squares	

This makes a total park acreage of 1,140 acres. This does not include Victoria Park, Munro Park, Lorne Park, Moore Park, Small's, the Rosedale Ravines and various others.

SATURDAY NIGHT has always taken open ground on the question of Sunday street-cars. We have no desire to lower the moral standard of the city or to impose seven days' labor upon any living creature, but contend that the running of street-cars on Sunday would do neither of these things, but would make life healthier and brighter for nearly all the inhabitants of the city.

Our object in picturing the parks is to arouse public interest in these places so that those who can manage to visit them on week days may do so. That the great bulk of the city's population does not and cannot make use of the parks on Sunday is admitted by all. Their delights should not be squandered on a few, and so it is to be hoped that those who can get to them on week days will not let the pleasure pass untasted.

That the great bulk of the people cannot get to the parks during the week may be inferred

and touch of them, is pointed out elsewhere in this article. Three or four thousand bicycles have entered High Park on a Sunday already this year. Three or four thousand citizens have thus emancipated themselves

take a right that is and has been denied them. They cannot be regulated by by-law and agreement, obligation and penalty. They thank no one for granting a liberty which they were forced to seize, and which they feel sure would



The Old Spring in Munro Park.



View from the top of the Tower.

A Fire Worshipper.

MRS. BELLAIR was a beautiful woman, but alone in the fire-light on such a night as this, with a gray shadow like a mask veiling a face that the world—her world—called radiant, with dull, weary eyes gazing blankly at the fire in the grate before her, she looks pallid and worn and the owner of ten more years of life than, according to the family records, are rightfully hers. The fire-light glides lovingly over the rich folds of her dress, and kindles again in the jewels upon her fingers; it glints here and there through the room, lighting up a quaintly inlaid cabinet, a marble Venus, or wooing into prominence a golden thread in the brocade hangings.

Mrs. Bellaire leans forward with her firm, round chin resting in the palm of her hand, and her eyes fixed intently on the glowing coals.

Pictures in the fire! In the old, childish days, what wonderful fairy castles there had been there for her! What dreams of the future she had woven! To-night the pictures are all of the past, and the dreams have burned themselves to ashes.

If Mrs. Bellaire were to weave a story from these pictures in the fire, would it run thus after the fashion of the fairy stories of those old childish days?

Once upon a time there lived with her parents, in a little southern village, a maiden quite as beautiful as any fairy princess, quite as bright, quite as happy and quite as dearly loved. The country was beautiful thereabouts, with its low-lying reedy river, its far blue horizon and wild magnolia trees. With its tender lights and shades it made an artist's paradise. Many artists came there to sketch, and one among them was more handsome than any fairy prince. That he should give his heart to the maiden who was quite as beautiful as any fairy princess and that she should give him her own in return for surely no maiden would wish for two, seemed but natural.

Then those were wonderful days, wherein the birds sang a new song and the flowers breathed a new perfume, and on the earth and in the sky dwelt a new light. But one day the prince needs must journey northward to his people. Then there were vows and promises solemnly renewed and farewells sadly spoken. These fire pictures come in rapid succession. Mrs. Bellaire would not describe those that follow after the fashion of the old childish fairy stories, for the man and the girl dropped the guise of fairy prince and princess and acted out the drama of their lives according to their natures.

The inhabitants of that southern village were a gossip-loving folk, and Alida Allison and her artist lover formed the topic of many a lively discussion. The postmaster, who kept conscientious watch on all correspondence, vowed that she had received but one letter whose chirography, as it appeared on the envelope, was unfamiliar to him, and that could not have contained more than one sheet of paper, for he had weighed it.

As the months went by and "that artist fellow," as the recreant lover was politely designated, did not return, the gossips summed up the matter by saying that, "It was as plain as a pike-staff that Alida Allison was left to wear the willow." Yet, despite this poignant conclusion, they did not feel satisfied. They would have preferred a statement of the case from the lips of Alida Allison herself, and there is no telling to what extent their curiosity would have carried them, had not the object of their solicitude cut the Gordian-knot of their difficulties by leaving on a prolonged visit to a widowed aunt, and when news of her reached them as a butterfly of fashion flitting hither and thither, admired and fêted, they wisely concluded "there was nothing in the story about 'that artist fellow' after all."

Second thoughts may be best, but they are not always the most correct. There was a great deal in the story about "that artist fellow," and the postmaster would have made a valuable addition to Scotland Yard if he could on all occasions have followed up slight clues, and have manufactured out of airy notions so substantial a fabric of facts as he had done in the case of the aforementioned letter. It was brief and curt and had been written by "that artist fellow."

"For reasons beyond my power to explain," said the writer, "I can never hope to see you again."

Queen Mary of England is affirmed by tradition to have said that if her heart was examined after death two words would be found engraved upon it, "Philip" and "Calais." If such a thing could be, and Alida Allison had died in the first wild paroxysm of anguish that had seized upon her when she read those strangely cruel and enigmatical words, they would have been found deeply written on her heart. We are all more or less creatures of fate or destiny. If at this juncture in her life Alida Allison had fallen in with a band of missionaries or Red Cross nurses she would have become the most zealous worker among them, and in all likelihood would have died deserving a martyr's crown. But fate sent her to Paris, and in all that giddy metropolis no one was seemingly more wedded to the vanities of life than herself.

Alone in her boudoir watching the pictures that memory weaves in the red chasm of the fire, Mrs. Bellaire sees Alida Allison strolling through the picture galleries of the Louvre, feels how she shivered and grew pale, how the light and the laughter died from her face as her eyes fell on the figure of a man coming lightly towards her; it was like and yet so unlike—and then she knew instinctively that it was his brother, Louis Bertrand, her brother, even while she asked the question of the lady beside her and heard her answer, "Yes, one of the Bertrands of New York, a countryman of ours, my dear. This is Lise Bertrand. His elder brother, Louis, was here last year, and quite the oddest man I ever knew. They call Lise the 'Greek god' here. Did you ever see a more perfect profile? I am not an admirer of male beauties, as you know, but this one is an exception, so perfectly obliging and not given to imagining every woman in love with him who favors him with a second glance. Of course he paints; the Bertrands are all art-mad. Ah! he is coming this way, and I mark his artistic eye 'in a fine

frenzy rolling' as it doth fall upon this modern Venus by my side. You have become such a reckless little breaker of hearts lately that I tremble for him, poor boy."

How different were her thoughts then from the light raillery of her companion. She hated the whole race of Bertrands, with their fair, frank, smiling faces, and false hearts, and her soul rose up in wrath and bitterness. She took a cruel pleasure in the power her dark, magnetic beauty seemed to possess over Lise Bertrand, and the purpose grew in her mind to use that power so to his undoing that Louis Bertrand would say that she had learned well the lesson he had taught her of perilly and deceit.

A coquette should have no conscience. Mrs. Bellaire, with her face showing white and drawn in the firelight, is working out a bitter atonement for wrong-doing of Alida Allison. She stretches out her hand before her. Those are jewels that sparkle upon it, but tear-drops when they catch the light have an odd way of sparkling sometimes. Lise Bertrand had clasped that hand in his and shed bitter tears upon it. She had led him on with a hundred graces, had taught him to feel secure of her love, and then had laughed at his protestations and held him up to the ridicule of others.

From a worldly standpoint there should have been no happier woman in the country than Mrs. Bellaire on her wedding trip. Her jewels and dresses were described and her photograph appeared in all the leading fashion journals. But in her recollection the bride was a pallid creature wrapped in a sort of cold, wondering contempt of herself, and her elderly bridegroom alternately chafed because Lise Bertrand had "shot himself, like a young fool," and "it was a deuced unpleasant sort of thing to be mixed up in," or fumed in a jealous rage at her pallid silence.

Some enterprising newspaper reporter, after ransacking the annals of the Bertrand family, announced to the world that homicidal insanity was a Bertrand's inheritance, and that Lise Bertrand was doubtless no more a responsible being than his brother.

Lise Bertrand shot himself. It is of this she thinks as she sits looking into the coals.

And she thinks, too, of something more terrible and more significant still—of a paragraph she has just read in *Le Temps*:

Lise Bertrand was no doubt insane when he put an end to his life, for insanity is a family inheritance. It now transpires that he has a brother, Louis Bertrand, who has been for some time confined in a private mad-house.

Mrs. Bellaire sees visions in the coals. And to her in the midst of her tragedy there comes one to disturb her—Mr. Bellaire—short, florid, elderly, with a suggestion of the turf about him, the complimentary and unctuous Mr. Bellaire, her husband, come to carry his bride to a box in the theater. WYNDOM BROWNE.

Toronto, June 8, 1896.

The Conductor of the Philharmonic Society.

Prof. G. Couture, conductor of the Philharmonic Society and of the Symphony Orchestra, Montreal, has selected and purchased a Pratte Piano for his private use.

If He Had Only Looked Around!

"Must be a awful lot of birds used on the wimmern's hats, nowadays," said Uncle Abner, as he removed his best suit of clothes.

"Why, Abner?" asked Aunt Sophronie. "Wal, they was a feller set in front of me on the train that was dressed to kill—short coat, a diamond big as a shell-bark hickernut, an' a plug hat; an' I heard him tell the feller he was settin' with that he'd made over four thousand dollars this year skinnin' jays." *Cincinnati Enquirer.*

The Difference

A.—Now if I understand correctly, the first principal of Socialism is to divide with your brother man.

B.—Then you don't understand it correctly. The first principle of Socialism is to make your brother man divide with you.

"How's your garden coming along, Wilkes?" "Everything's up—corn, peas and tomatoes."

"What! Already?" "Yes. The children pulled 'em up." *Bazzer.*

"What became of that trifling fellow, Tweedles?" "Oh, he went west and opened a store."

"Doing well?" "No; doing time. He was caught in the act."

"Jones is what you might call a bicycle jingo." "What do you mean by that?" "A man who feels like fighting anybody who says his wheel is not the best made."

"I must say, if Jarley's wife is such a scold, I don't see why he doesn't go west and get a divorce." "He did propose it, but she vowed she'd leave him if he did." *Bazzer.*

"I was so disappointed I was out the other day when you called, Miss Percival." "So was I. I felt sure I'd find you, because as I turned the corner, I saw you go in." *Bazzer.*

"You are the first girl I ever loved," he sighed. "Well—never mind," she replied. "I don't care about that. The point with me is, am I the last girl you are ever going to love?" *Bazzer.*

"Now, Johnny, do you understand thoroughly why I am going to whip you?" "Yes, you're in bad humor this mornin' an' you've got to lick someone before you'll feel satisfied." *Harlem Life.*

Stage Manager—I shan't be satisfied until I see you occupy the position of the late John McCullough. McDewitt Peter O'Rant. Ah, you flatter me. Stage Manager—Not at all. McCullough, you know, is dead. *Philadelphia North American.*

"What's the quarrel between Nero and Henry the Eighth?" asked Byron, meeting Sophocles on Main street. "Nero got sarcastic with his fiddle," said Sophocles. "As Henry and his various Queens went by Nero's palace on their bicycles last Saturday, Nero played Only One Girl in this World for Me." *Bazzer.*

Gone for Liquor.

Look in at a pawnbroker's window and try to fit a history to the various articles there displayed. A strange assortment. From the old family signet ring of the broken gentleman, to the well used hammer of the once skillful and industrious artisan; gone to supply the craving of the victim of the drink disease. This dread disease is no respecter of persons. Clergymen lose their gowns, doctors their practice, wealthy merchants their business, laboring men their work. It spares none. Yet all alike may be permanently cured of the disease and freed from the curse by scientific treatment at Lakehurst Sanitarium. Send for full particulars concerning the drink disease and its treatment to the Manager, Lakehurst Sanitarium, Oakville, Ont.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

PANDORA.—You enclosed no coupon. As the one you attached to Doris' study apparently belongs to it, she gets a delineation.

EUDOSIA.—I cannot recommend the article. Try a course of Turkish baths; I am sure your pores are clogged; that is the main cause of that annoying complaint.

PANDORA.—This is rather a happy-go-lucky nature, contented, hopeful, would not be much of a diplomat, and apt to study personal comfort and advancement considerably.

DOXNA.—Too much self-assertion and a tendency to exaggerate small things, a very fine and generous nature, firm and practical purpose, healthy caution, strength and breadth of opinion, a thoroughly virile but not concentrated mind.

META BROWN.—You have given me no *nom de plume* (which is, Meta, the word for assumed name), so I use your own. Apply to "Miss May Bambridge, General Secretary Y. M. C. G., 608 Hanlan's Point," for board at the Working Girls' Summer Home.

DOE (or Doc).—It has certainly developed, but is yet rather unfinished. It shows erratic impulse, great aspirations, a loquacious and rather indiscreet nature, apt to tell unwise truths and to be rather obstinate in opinions. You are modest and somewhat pessimistic.

NESSE H.—I. Thanks for kind wishes. 2. Your writing has character, but is immature; it shows candor, ambition, excellent strength of purpose, consistency, some carelessness, decided love of approbation and desire to make a good impression. You are discreet and can be trusted with a secret.

ISAC.—As to the amount, well, there is a great lot. It is a very snappy and rather attractive study, showing a few cracks, splendid ability and force, good temper, excellent sequence of ideas, adaptability, a tendency to pessimism, good method, order and grasp of affairs. You are capable of affection but not very susceptible.

KRIN KRON.—You are rather impulsive and apt to be ruled by your feelings, have some self-will and indifference to comment, but are clever enough to keep many of your thoughts and impulses concealed. You have some refinement, ambition, brightness and perception, and are very energetic when you think it worth while.

DORIS.—Why a poem? Even a compliment is spoiled by lame rhythm. Your writing shows great delicacy of thought and a sympathetic and lively mind. You are fond of pretty things, a little bit selfish, hopeful, somewhat ambitious to rise and able to look after number one. The writing is full of the crude emphasis and misdirected effort of a very young person.

JEAN.—I don't in the least remember if another party enclosed some of your writing; if they did that was the end of it. You are an idealist and over-enthusiastic in expression but on the whole a liberal and reasonable person. You like to take time over things, cannot be hurried into consent, have selfish impulses, love a good laugh and a good time. Not a very constant nor deep thinker.

ESPERANCE.—I. The friendship may certainly exist without interested motives—even between girls. There are really girls who are above selfishness. As to Platonic friendships, if the people live a high enough life, they are the natural result of congeniality. 2. Your writing shows a buoyant and bright nature, fond of pretty things, amiable, practical, hopeful, sympathetic, and strong enough for every-day use—a nice girl.

REON.—This is rather an undisciplined study. The impulse strong and sometimes erratic, the temperament by turns hopeful and despondent. You are sympathetic, rather ingratulating, and sure to go headlong into anything, bright and observant, and rather indiscreet in expression. Perhaps married life is the cure for many of your failings. The right sort of wife would help you. Don't be too exacting; the girl may not understand.

THE HEAVENLY TWINS.—I. I am going to call you One and Two. The first study shows conventional and decided character, keen decision, tenacity, and candid, honorable method. Writer wastes little on the affections, is generous and slightly appreciative of humor. A strong and decidedly reliable person. 2. This study shows more sentiment, some penchant for the opposite sex, rather a light will, very cautious and slightly suspicious nature, not nearly so able as No. 1, but quite apt to outwit her.

COMPOSITOR.—There are such points in every life, my friend. It takes a great deal of learning and watching before we can at all understand ourselves. Stop the introspection and trust to chance shots. You are smart, well equipped with will and purpose, candid and honest, lacking breadth and apt to focus your strength on small objects, a little careless of detail, fond of social pleasure, but rather abrupt and lacking in those pretty attributes of tact and suavity which attract. I fancy all you want is opportunity to develop.

LADYETTES.—My dear fellow, the wise man of this latter day is a counter-jumper in one sense, that he carries to the theater a keen-edged pair of scissors. Should any lady sport a long plume, obscure his view, and, being quietly requested, fail to remove her headgear, he quietly snips that feather off! How much simpler than to worry as to whether he or she is rude. Frankly, most women who sport large hats are homely, have thin hair, which they don't know how to dress nicely, or else they have only one hat, and wear it. They are selfish and vulgar. 2. Your writing is marvelous. Concentration and ambition, persistence, love of enterprise and some strength of purpose, a free and fine manner, great tact, gentleness, and a neat, orderly and business-like method are shown.

The Shah's Ideas of Horseracing.

Another story of the late Shah. On his last visit to England he was taken by the Prince of Wales to Sandown Park races. The Prince put £5 on one of the horses in the Shah's name, and after the race, brought the Shah a £10 Bank of England note—his gains. The Shah handed the note to the little boy of his staff to play with. A few minutes later there was a flutter of bits of the ten-pound note from the royal box. The boy had torn it into shreds! Colonel Roberts of the Metropolitan Police, who was in charge of the royal arrangements, had the pieces of the note collected in the enclosure. He pasted them together and presented the note to the Prince of Wales, who, it is believed, still retains it as a memento of the Shah's visit. The Shah said afterwards that whatever horse the Prince thought would win was sure to do so—at least, it would do so if he liked. That was the way, he said, he would settle it in Persia.



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BEWARE OF WORTHLESS COUNTERFEITS. Wafers, by mail, \$1; six large boxes, \$5. Soap, 90c. Address all orders to THE LYMAN BROS. DRUG CO., 91 Front Street East, Toronto, Canada.

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WE GUARANTEE that any family wanting a thoroughly satisfactory range in every respect can find it in this.

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Ladies and Gentlemen,

"De more you look de more you don't see nodding at all."

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It was a discovery of great importance

for ever since the Deluge people have been looking for something more satisfactory in the way of waterproof clothing.

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that the Rigby process would render any and every kind of cloth perfectly waterproof without interfering with the circulation of air through the material or effecting in some slight degree the fibre, the color, the feeling or the weight of the goods. But now every body is using Rigby Cloth for out of door costumes of every description and dealers find it difficult to sell materials for Yachting, Street and Bicycle Costumes if they are not Rigby proof.



Home Seekers Excursions.

In order to give everyone an opportunity to see the western country and enable the home seekers to secure a home in time to commence work for the season of 1896, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway has arranged to run a series of four home seekers excursions to various points in the west, north-west and south-west on the following days: March 10, April 7 and 21 and May 5, at the low rate of two dollars more than one fare for the round trip. Tickets will be good for return on any Tuesday or Friday within twenty-one days from date of sale. For rates, time of trains and further details apply to any coupon ticket agent in the east or south, or address A. J. Taylor, Canadian passenger agent, 2 King Street East, Toronto, Ont.

Here's An Important Item.

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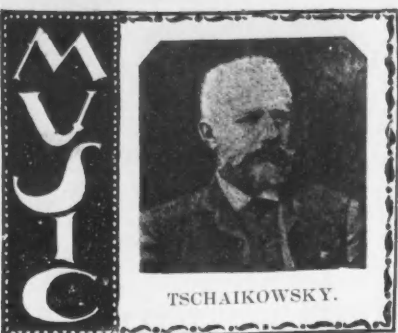
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The Samson performance at Brantford on Thursday evening of last week proved a great success. The chorus and orchestra numbered six hundred performers. These were drawn principally from Brantford, Paris, and Galt, the orchestra being imported from Hamilton and the whole being under the direction of Mr. Frederic Rogers of Brantford. Local papers are most enthusiastic concerning the outcome of Brantford's first festival experiment, as the following extract from the *Expositor* will show:—"The chorus was almost faultless, and that is saying a great deal indeed. With 600 voices there was hardly a slip perceptible. It was a chorus of singers. The volume of sound was immense. It was not merely a loud noise, it was a joyful noise in a musical sense. The parts were well balanced—usually well balanced. The parts were sharp on the beat. The conductor's baton was watched all evening, and as a result the chorus singing was a pronounced success. Indeed, nothing better has ever been heard in Ontario, and that is no exaggeration either. The Harris orchestra of Hamilton was a perfect revelation. Nothing like it was ever heard in Brantford. It was simply grand, and not infrequently sublime. The rendition of the Dead March will not be forgotten in Brantford for many a day. The conductor and the executive committee covered themselves with glory. Conductor Rogers was the recipient of a beautiful bouquet of flowers, and a request for a speech. He thanked the audience by remarking that he was 'speechless.' And then the talk of the town for many months was gone, leaving nothing but a fragrant memory and a surplus of receipts over expenditures."

The last regular meeting for this season of the Toronto Clef Club was held at the rooms of the society on Thursday evening of last week. There was a large attendance of members and friends of the Club, and a most enjoyable time was spent by all present. The following excellent programme was presented and admirably carried out: Gade—Sonata op. 21, for piano and violin, Messrs. H. M. Field and H. Klingensfeld; Schubert—songs (a) Thun Art. Repose, (b) Who is Sylvia, Mr. Walter H. Robinson; Bach—Italian Concerto, last movement, Mr. J. D. A. Trapp; Browning—Herbie Riel (recitation), Mr. H. N. Shaw, B.A.; songs (a) Cornelius—Monotone, (b) Kinz—The Sea has its Pearls, Dr. C. E. Saunders; Bach—Chaconne for violin, Mr. H. Klingensfeld; Liszt—Tarentella, Venice and Naples, Mr. H. M. Field; song, Blumenthal—My Queen, Mr. R. Tandy. The performers were all enthusiastically applauded and the evening's entertainment proved to be in many respects the most pleasant in the history of the Club. Mr. Arthur T. Blakeley made a very efficient accompanist during the evening. The next regular meeting of the Club will be held in September upon the return of the members after the approaching holiday season. This association, which is composed of a number of our representative musicians, appears to be established on a firm basis and promises to exert an influence for good in local musical circles.

Among the pupils' concerts of the past fortnight mention should be made of two recitals at the College of Music by pupils of Mr. H. M. Field, on the evenings of June 3 and 8. At the first of these recitals a very enjoyable programme of piano music was admirably interpreted respectively by Misses Austin and Carter, the former playing among other numbers Beethoven's Sonata in E, opus 14, and Dusek's Concerto in G minor, and the latter playing two Chopin Preludes and the last movement of Mozart's D minor Concerto, with Reinecke Cadezas, besides several small pieces. Both performers were liberally and deservedly applauded for their excellent work. The assisting vocalist, Miss Dundas, sang several songs with good effect and added much to the success of the event. At the second recital the pianists were Misses Guenther and McGibbon, both of whom played in a manner most creditable to themselves and their talented instructor. Miss Guenther's principal numbers were Beethoven's Sonata in C minor, op. 10, and the G minor Sonata, Faust Waltzes, Miss McGibbon played among other selections Chopin's Ballade in G minor, opus 23, and Liszt's Waldesrauschen. Several vocal numbers were contributed by Miss Florence MacPherson, and the recital proved one of the best given at the College this season.

A piano recital by Mr. Dorsey A. Chapman and Miss Edith White, pupils of Mr. V. P. Hunt, attracted a large audience to Conservatory Hall on Monday evening last. The programme was an exacting one and embraced the following selections: Bach's Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue in D minor, Schumann's Papillons, op. 2 (complete), Beethoven's sonata, op. 53, and Mendelssohn's G minor concerto, all of which were played by Mr. Chapman; and Mendelssohn's Scherzo in E minor, Reinecke's Toccatina and Jagdlied from op. 77, and Liszt's Waldesrauschen, which were contributed by Miss White. Mr. Hunt is to be congratulated upon the clever work of the two talented pupils representing him on this occasion. Their playing, both from a technical and musical point of view, was excellent. Several vocal selections were rendered in admirable style during the evening by a number of Mrs. Bradley's most promising vocal pupils, namely, Miss Jessie Denny, Miss Frances Pickell, Miss Ethel Rice, Mr. N. B. Eagen, and Mr. F. H. Karn. The audience was liberal in its applause of the various soloists, and the recital as a whole was unusually interesting and enjoyable.

The Lindsay Choral Society gave their third concert of the present season on Thursday evening of last week. A large audience was in attendance and the concert is pronounced by local papers as having been one of the best ever given in Lindsay. A mixed chorus of about forty-five voices rendered a number of glees, madrigals and oratorio choruses in a manner which evoked loud applause, several of the numbers being encored. The conductor, Mr. J. Parnell Morris, is highly praised for the success attending his efforts in training the chorus. Mention should be made of the assisting artists, Miss Maggie Huston, soprano, and Mr. Paul Hahn, 'cello, both of Toronto. Miss Huston sang the Sands O' Dee, Strelezki's Happy Days, and Tosti's Good-Bye, and was several times encored. Mr. Hahn rendered selections by Thome, Gillet and Popper, and was also repeatedly recalled and obliged to respond to persistent encores. The assisting artists were both accorded a most enthusiastic reception and the impression created by them on this occasion will ensure them a hearty welcome in Lindsay should they again visit that town.

Henry Smart's beautiful cantata for women's voices was given by the pupils of Moulton College on Tuesday evening last, in the school-room of Bloor street Baptist church, in the presence of a large audience. Solo parts were taken by Misses Boehmer, Mand Jamieson, May Pollard, Jessie Dryden and Maud MacKay, all of whom sang their parts carefully and intelligently. The difficult choruses of the work were sung with spirit and good effect generally, and the interpretation of the cantata was creditable alike to the pupils of the school and their capable directress, Miss Smart. Special mention should be made of the singing of Miss Boehmer, who possesses a bright, clear soprano voice, and who already sings with commendable regard for expression and phrasing. Piano solos were played during the evening by Misses Mayberry, Kirk, Nickolas and Matthews, all of whom were warmly applauded. The accompaniments to the cantata were played with much skill by Miss Mabel Bertram.

A piano recital was given on Tuesday evening last at the College of Music by Miss Ethel Husband and Miss Mabel Bastedo, pupils of the director, Mr. Torrington. The playing of these young ladies was a tribute to Mr. Torrington's ability as a teacher and an evidence of their talent. The following programme was rendered: By Miss Bastedo—Chaminade, (a) Etude, (b) Elevation; Chopin, (a) Nocturne, A flat, (b) Valse, A flat; Schumann, Novellen, No. 1, Novellen No. 6; Rheinhold, Impromptu; Brassin, Nocturne. By Miss Husband—Chopin, Polonaise, A major; Chaminade, Gigue; Hummel, Concerto, Opus 55, Rondo, Allegro, Moderato; Liszt, Rigoletto; Chopin, Fantasia, Impromptu, C sharp minor; Schumann, Aufschwung. Miss Elliott and Mr. Richardson, both of whom also study with Mr. Torrington, contributed songs, to the evident pleasure of the critical audience present.

The remarkable progress which has been made by Miss Maggie Huston during the past year in her vocal studies has been the means of interesting several of our most prominent patronesses of music in this young lady's future work, with the result that an effort is now being made to raise a fund in order that Miss Huston may be sent to Paris in October to continue her studies under Marchesi. It is proposed to give a complimentary concert in the Pavilion in October next and to devote the receipts to the furtherance of the object in view. A large sum has already been subscribed by a number of local music-lovers, and from present indications it seems more than probable that an amount will be secured sufficiently large to enable the promoters of this most laudable movement to carry out their plans regarding the further work of this promising young soprano.

Mr. H. M. Field has received a graceful note from the eminent Munich composer, Joseph Rheinberger, referring to the production of the Rheinberger quartette in E at the chamber music concert, given at the Y. W. C. Guild hall by the Yuncle String Quartette, and in which Mr. Field took the piano part. The note reads as follows:

SEHR GEBIETHE HEIHE. Ihre freundliche Zeilen nebst programm des so weltberühmten Fugenspiels haben mich in hohem Grade erfreut und interessiert. Ich bin Ihnen hiermit meinen besten Dank sagen und hoffe ich, Ihnen solche Zeichen zu erhalten. Mit herzlichem Grusse, Ihr, JOS. RHEINBERGER. (Translation.)

MUCH RESPECTED SIR.—Your friendly note, with accompanying programme, has been received and has pleased and interested me exceedingly. In recognition of which I express my best thanks and hope more frequently to hear from you. With hearty greetings, yours, JOS. RHEINBERGER.

Bishop Strachan's School was the scene of an unusually enjoyable piano and song recital on Monday evening last by Miss Augusta Cooke, a piano pupil of Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, and Miss Ruby Jellett, vocal pupil of Miss Hillary. Miss Cooke played the following numbers: Mendelssohn's Andante and Presto Agitato, Grieg's Sonata, op. 7, Chopin's C sharp minor Impromptu, Moszkowski's Piece Drolatique, Stojowski's Filense, and Rad's Polka de la Reine. The young pianist played with admirable effect the above well chosen selections. Technically and musically her interpretation of the various numbers was most satisfactory, indicating the possession of exceptional talent supported by a systematic and thorough course of study. The vocal numbers added much to the enjoyment of what was throughout an attractive and refined entertainment.

To "ORGANIST." Your first letter was duly received and would have appeared in last week's issue but for the fact that the matter you referred to had already been fairly stated on both sides and could therefore well afford to take a rest for the present at least. Your letter would have made both interesting and amusing reading for the community, which has already been hugely entertained by the "comedy" to which you refer. However, there may be occasion to make use of it at a later date. The whole incident was inexpressibly funny.

Mr. Walter H. Robinson, who has for several years past filled the position of choirmaster at

the Church of the Redeemer, has resigned owing to the pressure of his many other engagements, to which, for some time at least, he purposes devoting his entire attention. Mr. Robinson's success at the Church of the Redeemer has frequently been referred to in this column, and in tendering his resignation the church will lose one of the most energetic and capable choir leaders in the city. The appointment has always been considered a good one and considerable interest will be felt in local musical circles as to the choice of a successor to Mr. Robinson, whose duties cease at the end of this month.

The Montreal correspondent of the London *Musical Times* refers to the recent production of Tannhauser by the Philharmonic Society of that city as "a great event in the annals of Canadian musical history, this being the first occasion upon which this great opera of Wagner's has been heard in the Dominion either in concert or opera form." The production of this difficult work was certainly a triumph for the Montreal society. It is, however, incorrect to claim the performance as the first time for Tannhauser in Canada, as the work was presented in Toronto by an American company at the Academy, with Emma Juch as Elizabeth, during the season, I believe, of 1891-92.

Of the great German conductors who visit London from time to time the most popular with the English people appears to be Dr. Hans Richter. In special features, Wagnerian music for instance, such conductors as Nikisch, Mottl and Levi are oftentimes preferred, but for general work Dr. Richter appeals more strongly to British tastes than any of the others. In a recent notice of a performance of Lohengrin at Covent Garden the London *Graphic* pays the following compliment to Dr. Richter: "The band played with precision, but not with that delicacy to which we are accustomed under a German conductor. The Covent Garden hall is probably better than that of St. James' Hall, but a performance under Signor Mancinelli is very different to one under Dr. Richter."

Mrs. Serlinger-Massie of Toronto, the popular soprano of Carlton street Methodist church choir, sang with much success at a recent concert given in St. Andrew's church, Almonte. The *Almonte Gazette* says of her singing on this occasion: "The main interest of the concert centered in the singing of Mrs. Serlinger-Massie of Toronto, to hear whom was a treat that is afforded to Almonte audiences only at long intervals. She sang with great expression as well as with sweetness, and hymns which have been heard over and over again possess a new charm when sung by her and reveal a depth of meaning never before seen in them."

Mr. J. E. Jaques, who for some years past has had charge of the musical department at the Brantford Institution for the Blind and who leaves for Germany shortly, was on Friday evening of last week made the recipient of a handsome presentation from the pupils of the institute. Mr. Dymond, the principal of the institute, in making the presentation highly eulogized the recipient and said that with all due deference to Mr. Jaques' predecessors he could say that personally he had never parted from a teacher with so much reluctance. Mr. Jaques made a short and heartfelt reply.

Miss Annie McNichol, one of Mrs. Bradley's pupils, took part in a recent concert at Creemore and is spoken of in the following terms by the *Star* of that town: "Miss McNichol sang in a charming manner. Her voice continues to develop in compass and richness and we have no doubt she will yet take high rank as a vocalist."

A number of items of interest are unavoidably crowded out of this issue. MODERATO.

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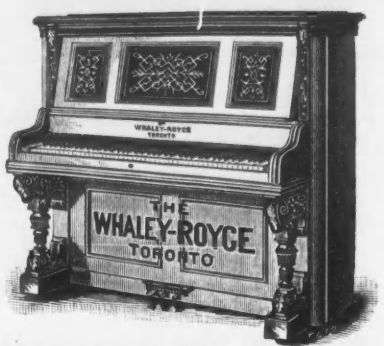
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The cab drivers were exchanging anecdotes and opinions.

"We see a terrible lot o' human nature," remarked one of them.

"That's right. I kin tell whether a man's er gentleman er not just by lookin' at 'is face."

"I kin judge better by 'is voice. W'en I git to the end of a trip I listen sharp, an' if the party says, 'Here's a dollar extra fur yerself,' I know then an' there that he's a gentleman."

In the Track of the Storm.

Chicago Tribune.

The terrible whirlwind had done its worst. Stately monarchs of the forest lay prostrate. Ruin and desolation marked the path of the funnel-shaped monster that had swept with resistless fury over the land, destroying everything that stood in its way.

Here and there were the scattered fragments of many a dwelling that had been the abode of peace, happiness and prosperity.

Desolate, despairing men and women wandered among the ruins. Now and then there was one who bewailed his fate with loud lamentation or bitter curse, but for the most part the victims bore their sorrow in sullen silence, and there were not wanting those who found consolation and even cause for gratitude in the fact that their lives had been spared.

In an upper room of a house that had escaped the storm lay one of the injured.

"How long has she been unconscious?" enquired the physician.

"Ever since she was picked up and brought here," replied one of the watchers.

"There seem to be no bones broken," he rejoined, "but the shock has been severe. We can only hope for the best. I have witnessed the effects of many a cyclone, but this one—"

The young woman on the couch opened her eyes.

"A cyclone," she muttered feebly, "is a rotary storm of widely extended circuit, its center frequently being many miles from its outer limit or circumference. This was a tornado. It was not a cyclone. This misuse of the term is, however, almost universal, except among educated persons."

"From Boston?" said the doctor in a low tone. And the watchers silently nodded.

Strawberry Island.

This beautiful Lake Simcoe summer resort will be opened on June 22, under the management of Messrs. Rennie & Lindsay of Orillia. It is finely situated, provides for fishing, bathing, boating, games, wheeling and all amusements, and is popular. It is near enough to Toronto also to induce many to make Saturday-to-Monday trips.

"I thought her father was so enraged over the elopement that he would never forgive them, and now he has given them a brand-new bicycle apiece." "Of different makes, mind you. They will be fighting like cats and dogs before a week."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

A farmer, who had come to London for the first time to see the Agricultural Show, was walking along Oxford street, filling his pipe, when a match-boy came up to him with the usual "Lights, sir!" The farmer took a box from the boy, extracted a match, lit his pipe, and handed the box back to the astonished lad, passing on with the remark: "Lor, what a wonderful place Lannon is, to be sure!"

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Many of the best American and Canadian Families who spend the summer in Muskoka buy their Groceries here. Orders by mail or wire have prompt and careful attention. Largest variety of camping supplies in Canada. Weekly supplies of fruit sent by express. Freight prepaid on all orders \$10 and over, flour and sugar excepted. Careful packing.

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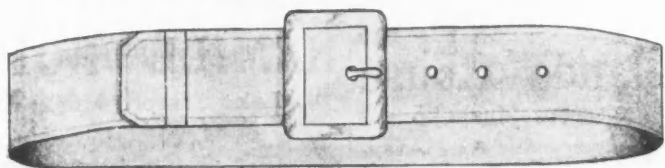
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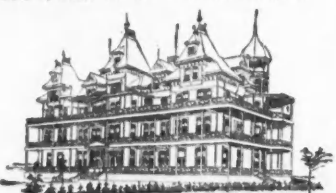
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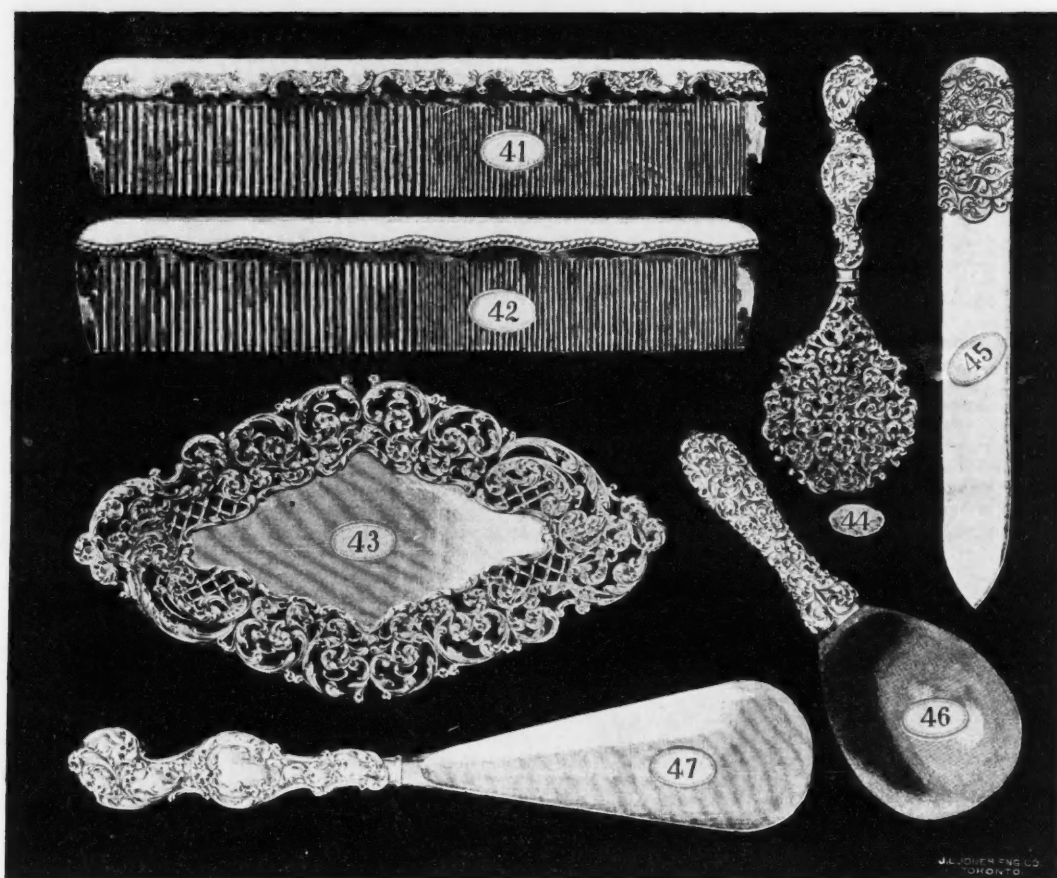
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the most essential thing in a wheel. They are therefore universally recommended by the Medical fraternity all over the world as being by far the most desirable machines for invalids and delicate women—health gained and retained by the unfatiguing propulsion they require. Toronto ladies saw at a glance that...

The CLEVELAND SWELL SPECIAL

was the bicycle par excellence for them, and our Leader of High Grades leaped, as it were, in one bound into the best circles with the gratifying result that "Clevelands" line up on St. George, Jarvis and Sherbourne streets and make decidedly the largest part of the ever-moving procession of wheels on College St.

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TORONTO JUNCTION

Philippa's Strategy.

"Do you like my gown?" asked Philippa, coming into my room, where I was struggling with the latest triumph of my dress-maker's lack of art.

"Do I like your gown?" I quoted. "And do I like you? On my life, you are eighteen and not a day older, and have not been—how many years was it that she had been his wife?"

"Oh, let Aldrich alone," protested Philippa, "and tell me how I look!"

"My dear," I began, advancing toward her with outstretched arms, for in truth she really was as dainty and sweet a vision as I ever saw.

"Don't you put your arms around me!" she exclaimed, retreating toward the door.

"I won't hurt your sleeves," I pleaded. "Just let me put my arm around your waist."

"You'll crush the chiffon."

"Well, let me put it around your neck, up there where there isn't anything except the powder I gave you. It cost a dollar and a quarter a box, Philippa. Surely you owe me some compensation."

"Nonsense! It's I who need compensation for having to live with such a tease as you are. Tell me whether you like my gown."

"If the dear departed William Everett could see you now!" I exclaimed, clasping my hands and surveying her from head to foot.

"You needn't waste any sympathy on him," said Philippa, with a slight curl of the lip.

"I know it, dear. My sympathy is all with you. I feel tolerably sure that William Everett is pacing the deck with the only girl on board who isn't seasick. The situation doesn't seem to call for sympathy, while you—you are in that most harrowing of feminine situations: you have on a new gown, and there isn't any one at hand who can properly praise you. How fitly has the poet said, 'Never the gown and the girl and the adequate admirer all together!'"

"I'd like to explain right here that I am not always so frivolous in my conversation. The fact is, I was trying in my poor way to distract Philippa, who, as I distinctly saw, was very much the worse for nerves. She really had some reason to be just a bit excited, for it was commencement night. Eight or ten sweet young things were to graduate from the fashionable boarding-school which Philippa honors and ornaments with her presence five mornings in every week. To her had been intrusted the task of superintending the essays, and seeing that the young things were prepared to do themselves and their school proud. The weight of responsibility sat not lightly upon Philippa's rounded shoulders, and inwardly I rebelled at my whole thing. I wanted from the bottom of my heart to eliminate the entire system of educating the young, or, at any rate, to eliminate the necessity of Philippa's being engaged in it. As it was, all I could do was to play the jester for her distraction, and that I did, though it was poorly enough."

"You don't like my gown," she said at last, pathetically. "I know I look like a fright."

"Of all barefaced hypocrisy!" I said, taking her two hands in mine and looking her in the eyes. "In fact, it is not only barefaced, it is absolutely *decadent*. You don't deserve to have me say it, but the truth is that if you're as good as you look, Philippa, you'll have to have a halo made to order! There won't be one large enough and bright enough for you in the whole assortment."

"Hush, you irreverent girl!" she exclaimed. But I noticed that she flushed with pleasure at the same time.

I went early with Philippa to the Lyceum, where the graduating exercises were to be held. I managed to keep pretty near her all evening, too, at any rate when she was in the back of the hall, or out in the lobby feeding names to a group of reporters with an inordinate appetite in that direction. It was after she had brought out the last instalment and the reporters had gone away satisfied, that a series of unearthly howls resounded through the lobby and penetrated faintly to the audience room. Philippa shivered.

"It's small boys!" she said to me in a tragic whisper. "I've been expecting them."

We slipped out into the lobby once more and went to the door. Our appearance was the signal for a wild scurry of half a dozen youngsters, who fled down the steps and across the street, letting out a succession of piercing shrieks as they ran.

"They'll be back again the minute we go inside," said Philippa in despair.

"I'll hunt up a policeman," I volunteered. She looked out.

"No," she said; "it's raining a little. You mustn't venture out. We'll try it again. Perhaps they won't see us go in, and will think we are still here in the lobby."

So we went back into the auditorium. Girl Number Four was just colliding with the grand piano in an attempt to back off the stage. Girl Number Five was looking white and scared, as if she thought that the selection, which the orchestra was just beginning, alone stood between her and utter destruction. I felt a sort of amused pity for the girl, and I touched Philippa's arm to call her attention.

"Look at No. 5," I whispered. She started slightly.

"Where?" she said, looking toward the door, and then I realized that I had used the name by which we had called our new friend, Mr. Blakiston.

"Where?" Philippa repeated, turning toward me.

"I—I meant the girl who comes next," I said apologetically.

"Oh, I thought you meant Mr. Blakiston," calmly said Philippa; so calmly, in fact, that I said to myself:

"You're wrong! She doesn't care for him—not that way."

The orchestra was playing very softly. Girl No. 5 was becoming almost green with terror. Everything was hushed and quiet, when from without came a second exultation of hoots and howls. Philippa muttered an exclamation and started for the door. I followed in time to catch a vanishing glimpse of the last pair of heels and a reverberating echo of the last round of howls. We stood there for a moment debating what we should do.

"There's just one thing you can do with a small boy," said Philippa finally. "You can't

scare him off and you can't plead with him, and you can't reason with him. But you can buy him off, and I'll do it if we can get together enough small change between us."

We took out our pocketbooks and pooled their contents so far as pennies and nickels were concerned. We had almost fifty cents.

"I wonder how large the enemy's forces are," said Philippa, going to the door. She shaded her eyes from the glare of the gaslight above the entrance, and tried to reconnoitre the group across the street, but it was too dark.

"Oh, I say, boys," she called gently. "Come over here!"

There was no response from the enemy's camp.

"Please come over, boys," in a most beguiling tone.

"Whaffurr?" came, after a moment's hesitation, out of the darkness.

"I want to tell you something."

"Huh! Now go home, little boys, and don't make any more noise!" in mocking tones from across the street.

"No, I don't want you to go home," called Philippa. "You come over here and I'll tell you what I want," and she jingled the money in her hand.

She looked so pretty standing there under the big gaslights, with the darkness beyond her, and the wet street, with its long lines of light reflected from the asphalt pavement. Of course the boys came. After all, what little human nature a small boy possesses is masculine and no match for a pretty girl and pennies, too. They slouched sheepishly across and stood on the edge of the curb, blinking their bright young eyes at Philippa as she stood in the full glow of the light.

"Boys," she said, looking down at them with eyes full of laughter, "I am very sorry that I can't be out here with you all of the time, but I've so much to do inside that I just can't stay. There's one girl in there who is sure to fall over the piano if she doesn't have me to steady by. You see how it is, boys. You and I could have a splendid time together, but it's a case of duty calls me. I must go."

The boys laughed, and came a step nearer.

"Now, I've a proposition to make to you, but first I want to know whether you are men of your word. Are you?"

"Yep," from one or two of the youngsters.

"If you say you'll do a thing, do you do it?"

"You bet!"

"Well, can you fellows whip any other boy that's likely to come along this block?"

"Can we?" with a swagger.

"Well, how many of you are there?"

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven," they counted.

"All good children go to heaven," said Philippa over her shoulder to me. "Well," she went on, turning to the boys, "if I give each of you seven cents—it's another edition of seven times seven," she said in my direction, "will you promise to keep quiet the rest of the evening?"

"Yessum!"

"And if any other boys come along here and begin to make a noise will you see that they quit?"

"You bet!"

"Even if you have to thrash them?" energetically.

"We'll lick 'em! You see if we don't!"

"Under those circumstances," said Philippa, and she dealt out the seven cents into each grimy little palm.

I had gone out to the steps to witness the distribution and as I stood there I looked out along the pavement and I thought I saw a figure standing close to the railing of the next house. It was dark there and I wondered if by any chance it might be some tramp who would deprive our Swiss mercenaries of their pay as soon as he had gone in. I concluded to stay out in the lobby for a few minutes and keep watch, so when Philippa went back to the auditorium I stepped aside into an ante-room from which I had a view of the entrance.

The next moment a man appeared in the circle of light from the doorway and stopped to look at the boys who had taken possession of the steps and were counting over their ill-gotten gains. I gave a little start of surprise as I saw that it was Number Five, or as we have begun calling him of late, Mr. Blakiston. He pulled a handful of change out of his pocket.

"You're going to do what—she asked you to?" he said.

"Yes, sir!" in emphatic chorus.

"I thought so," with a queer smile. "We're in the same boat. Well—here—hold out your cap. You can divide that between you, my fellows, and if you have any fun out of it, you

can thank her for it."

He ran up the steps as the boys burst into a delighted though somewhat awe-struck thank you. I shrank back into the shadow, and he passed within two feet of the doorway without seeing me. He stopped short just as he was about to open the door into the audience room, and walked back a few steps, looking out at the boys, but not seeing them, I'll take my word for it. I didn't mean to play the eaves-dropper. One doesn't generally fear to be caught in that role when the circumstances are such as they were then. How could I know that Number Five soliloquizes out loud? It's an unfortunate habit, and yet it may have its good points. There may come a time when I shall want to tell—say Philippa—what I heard Mr. Blakiston say to himself in the lobby that night. I haven't told her yet. Maybe I never will. But I would like to see how she would look if I did tell her. It wasn't very much, only a sentence, but somehow it impressed me. He stared at the boys a moment, then he thrust his hands into his pockets and drew a deep breath.

"That girl's eyes will be the death of me yet," he muttered, and then went into the hall.

Hard to Decide.

For Saturday Night.



These are days of melancholy,
Days of singular distress,
And my heart and mind are laboring
In a state of sore unrest.



I am placed between two issues,
And I don't know which I like.
If I go up to Muskoka,
I shall have to pawn my bike.

At the Wrong Nuptials.

"If any man can show just cause why these two persons may not be lawfully joined together let him now speak or else hereafter forever hold his peace."

Slowly and impressively the officiating clergyman spoke these words.

The solemn pause that followed their utterance was broken by a deep, strong voice from the rear of the church:

"May I ask you, sir, to repeat the names of those two persons who stand before you as candidates for matrimony?"

"George Washington Spoonmore and Josephine Shaw," answered the clergyman, astonished at the interruption.

"Go ahead with the marrying," rejoined the owner of the deep voice, clapping on his hat and starting for the door. "It's all right. I had

On the Beach.



Jack—Doesn't Maud look out of sight in that bathing suit?
Spratt—I think she is very apparent.

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Prospect House

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ENOCH COX, Proprietor.

Rates on application. 48

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IS NOW OPEN FOR THE SEASON

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Passengers leaving Toronto or Hamilton by the morning train reach here by 4 p.m.

There is good fishing and delightful walks in the neighborhood.
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Tondern Island

Muskoka Lake

EDWARD PROWSE, Proprietor.

Rates on application. 47

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Post office with daily mail. Terms moderate. First-class fishing. W. D. McNAUGHTON, Proprietor.

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Miss Gertrude Spurr has gone to Doon for the summer's sketching and will soon be joined by Miss Gzowski, who will continue her studies with Miss Spurr. Doon seems to be becoming a literary as well as an artistic resort. We understand that Mrs. Lawson (Hugh Airlie) is to spend part of the summer there.

The New York School of Applied Design for Women, under the charge of Mrs. Dunlap Hopkins, has included in its curriculum the application of drawing to lithography. This is not a difficult branch of art, as any one who can draw with crayon or lead-pencil can easily learn to draw with the lithographic crayon. There can be no doubt that a young woman who should perfect herself in lithographic drawing would find remunerative employment.

The opening of the yearly exhibition of the various work of the art schools of Ontario at the Art Gallery, King street west, last Monday, was a rather more formidable affair than it has been heretofore, and, in spite of the heavy rain, was well attended. Hon. G. W. Ross, Dr. May, the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, were among those present who carefully inspected the paintings and drawings. The work of each school, as a whole, presents a distinct individuality which makes their study most interesting, as it evidently shows the influence of the teacher or teachers and the aims in view. The oil paintings, for such they nearly all are, of the Ontario Ladies' College evidence their direct work from nature in flowers and still life, and about the best of these are two groups of various colored jars—green, terra-cotta and brown—that showed intelligent drawing and modeling. The work of Loretto Convent, Niagara, aims at prettiness and succeeds in being unnatural and hard; the water-colors of Loretto Abbey show free and fairly correct handling, and in many instances, as of sweet pea, morning glory, and nasturtium, good color. China is also among their exhibit. Several examples of heavily colored, laboriously painted fruit, a number of pieces of china, and a panel of pinks in pastel, are from St. Joseph's school. From Hamilton are life-class studies in crayon, very correctly drawn and carefully painted, flowers lacking any freedom; two decidedly peculiar designs for stained glass, a good example of modeling from the flat, and the very best architectural drawings in the whole collection. Here Hamilton is away ahead of the rest, almost "out of sight." There are plans for private houses and a city hall; drawings for an engine, a steam pump, besides much else that shows skill and good training. Kingston had a single design for a vase, and some pieces of china. The work of the Loretto Abbey, Guelph, is too evidently for show. The High Schools of both Belleville and Simcoe are slightly represented. The Ottawa school has good work in each department—several carefully done architectural drawings, designs fairly good; the crayon and pen-and-ink sketches show several examples of intelligent, forceful work, while of the oils the same might be said, as well as that there is originality in the still-life groups. There is nothing nearly so good in its way in the whole gallery as a study in oil of some pots of primulas. Brockville sends two very creditable heads of the same model, a little mulatto girl, a decorative painting on matting, and two graceful and charmingly colored designs for wall paper; the crayon work from the east also shows careful work.

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but lacks the vigor to be seen in a neighboring school. This neighboring school is of Toronto, and to know that the crayon work, from the east and life both, is done by pupils of Mr. Cruickshank, is to know why even the drawings from the east seem to have a certain vitality, and why there is none of the weak over-finish that never covers a multitude of radical defects, not even one. Among the pen-and-ink sketches are several when the worker seems to have arrived at the stage where his medium is forgotten. It is most satisfactory to see some half-dozen of the designs for carpet utilized and a sample of the finished article accompanying the design. The designs for stained glass are excellent, and in the oil department is a good proportion of promising work in the sketches from life, and at least two, a profile head with black dress and a quarter view of a face, that are in a fair way to fulfill the promise. The two examples of the lithographer's art are excellent, and the modeling from the flat, of which there are a number of examples, shows a very good feeling for form.

The Ceramic Committee of the Woman's Art Association has decided to call on the ceramic artists of Canada to undertake the decoration of a state set and also of other commemorative pieces to be for sale at the Cabot Exhibition to be held in July, 1897. The set will include medallion portraits of French and English persons celebrated in Canadian history, views of places of historical interest, illustrations of Canadian game, birds, animals, fish, flowers, grasses, etc. Specimens of the work are to be submitted by October 1, 1896. An historical calendar has also been spoken of, and that this would be of such wide interest as to be sure of ready sale is almost certain.

Among the Canadians who have been distinguishing themselves recently in the world of art is Lady Jephson, wife of Sir Alfred Jephson, Royal Navy, and daughter of Mr. Archibald Campbell of Quebec, who has exhibited three charming studies in water-colors at the recent Annual Amateur Art Exhibition, held at 1 Belgrave square, the residence of Mr. Reuben Sassoon, which have been greatly admired and commended. One entitled *Purple Scotland* is a delightful sketch taken at Braemar, another a carefully executed study of Edinburgh Castle, the third, *A Grey Morning at Cannes*, an interesting memento of the Riviera, where most of Lady Jephson's winters are passed. Lady Jephson's graphic description of Murray Bay and the neighboring country, which appeared in the *Queen* a year or two ago, the fruit of her last visit to Canada, proved her skill at word painting is quite equal to the faculty with which she wields her brush.

LYNN C. DOYLE.

The Flowers in June.

For Saturday Night.

I strolled one balmy day in June,
The birds in song, each one in tune;
I plucked the favors nature yields,
In garden and the grass-green fields,
My hand enclasps a bunch of flowers
Gathered in garden, field and bowers,
I'll tell you what the bunch contains,
I love them all and know their names.
A peony bends its head and sighs,
Looks shyly into a daisy's eyes;
A buttercup smiles and tries to pet
A cute wee chit of a violet;
A pansy, lovely in nature or art,
Is deep in love with a bleeding heart;
A gentle phlox seems "right in line"
With a graceful, delicate columbine;
A monthly rose seems to think a lot
Of a sweetly-scented humble stock;
One dainty flower I most forgot,
Hid by ferns, a forget-me-not.
Others I hold which I do not name,
Some grew wild, others are tame,
Filling the air this day in June
With subtle, sweet and rare perfume.

June, 1896. T. H. LITSTER.

Revolting Exhibition.

Glasgow Weekly Mail.
The craving for new sensations had led the Parisians to patronize the Cabaret de la Mort, where people ate and drank seated at coffins in lieu of tables. Now the horrors of that establishment have been thrown into the shade by the exhibition of a man hanging by his neck from a cord attached to a hook in the ceiling of a low-class cafe concert. It was advertised some days ago that M. Durand, a former actor, would remain suspended for 13 days and nights at the concert Duclere. Accordingly, four days ago, M. Durand submitted to the ordeal, to the strains of merry music accompanying the vulgar songs which had till then formed the principal attraction of this low place of amusement. He continued in the same position till Monday evening, when the doctor ended the revolting show. The establishment had during the four days been crowded from noon till 2 a. m. by people of a low class. When he was taken down, Durand was found to be in a very critical condition. During the continuance of the exhibition M. Durand took no food, and the only rest he had obtained was the placing of his feet on the staves of a ladder for a quarter of an hour a day, while he inhaled some ether and was rubbed with a sedative preparation.

£150,000 for £20.

London Answers.

In a hut in a bush township in Australia, a party of men were playing cards. One of them, having lost all he possessed, turned to a stranger who was looking on and begged the loan of £20, offering in exchange fifty shares in a gold mine, which he frankly confessed were worth very little at the time.

The stranger let him have the money, posted the shares to his banker and forgot all about the transaction.

Some months afterwards he received a letter from one of the men who had been present, asking him if he would sell the shares for £50. He replied that he had not the shares by him and was not anxious to sell. Shortly after another letter came offering £500. This roused his curiosity so much that he wrote to his banker and asked him to ascertain the value of the shares. They proved to be worth £150,000, as the mine had been found to be one of the richest ever discovered in Australia.

"Doctor, what can I eat to-day?" "Oh, whatever you choose, Herr Inspector." "Dear Eulalia, what do I choose?"—*Fliegende Blätter*.



A TEMPTING WALK.

The Other Side of the Counter.

MABEL had one of those home fireside quarrels that do not look nice on the stage or read well in fiction, the cause of it all being that pa would not increase her allowance. Mabel made remarks about him, and, among them, she declared that she was going to earn her own living and be independent. Then out she went, and secured a position at X's to sell women's capes and coats. She was the sort of girl who does a thing thoroughly if she does it at all, so she bought a black dress, put on a linen collar, combed her hair straight back, and, in spite of it all, looked prettier than ever.

Her very first customer was Maud Ellis, and Maud did not know her. Maud said, "Show me capes, please."

Mabel nearly slammed her over the bang. Then she remembered that she was earning her own living, so she asked, "What color?"

Mabel lifted her eyebrows and looked around as if she had not been spoken to. Then she said, "Did you hear me ask for capes?"

Mabel brought capes. "They are wearing melton a great deal," she said, having coached up in the vernacular of the trade.

"Yes; I don't care for that at all," said Maud, and had she known how nearly she came to having her pretty teeth knocked out she would have cried out for help.

"You seem to have a very poor assortment," said Maud, the hateful thing, just as if she were in the habit of getting everything from Paris.

"Please put this on," went on Maud, "so that I can see the effect."

Mabel got herself into a blue cape with brass buttons and walked up and down.

"You are so much stouter than I am," objected Maud. "Cannot you call someone with a good figure?"

Mabel, as I have explained, was a girl who never went half way, and she made up her mind to sell the cape or die, so she only smiled, and said that if Maud would come to the double glasses she could see the effect on herself. "And no one could be a better figure," she adds.

At this Maud glowered, asked the price, and said she wanted something more expensive. Then Mabel showed her a Parisian silk wrap with jet all over it, and Maud said it was old style, that jet was going out. Next Mabel tried her on a tweed, and Maud said she wanted something more dressy. A lace cape was too thin, a velvet one too thick, a satin "looked old," a light cloth was not long enough, and a dark cloth was too short. She wanted a full cape, but she did not want it to wave at the hem; she preferred a high collar, but wanted to wear a boa inside of it.

Here poor Mabel had to let her have it.

"The trouble with you, Maud Ellis, you hateful thing, is that you don't know what you do want, and you haven't the money to get it if you did! Beside, you had better go home and learn manners before you try to buy anything. Aren't you ashamed of yourself? If you ever dare call me stout again I'll pull every bit of your dyed hair over and show the roots—there!"

Maud had hysterics and Mabel lost her job then and there. That night she made it up with her papa, and decided she didn't want to earn her own living in a truly moving scene, but one that it would be wholly impracticable to transfer to the stage.

A Case of Bigamy.

A curious case of bigamy has just been discovered in Buenos Ayres. A gentleman employed in a Government office succeeded in marrying successively two ladies—the widow of a colonel and the sister of a lieutenant-colonel, and managed to live peacefully with both of them without either being aware that she had a rival in her husband's affections! The discovery took place by chance. One day wife No. 1 went to call upon a friend and met in her house wife No. 2. They were not acquainted with each other, and when introduced they were very much surprised at the similarity of their names. In conversing on various subjects the unfortunate ladies discovered the truth; and, very indignant, they went together to denounce their common husband to

had some romantic love passages with the Russian Grand Duke Alexander Michaelovitch. On the very day after King Alexander arrived in Athens, and before he had any chance of urging his own suit, he was informed that the lovely princess, with the consent of her father, had betrothed herself to the other Alexander, the Russian suitor, who seems to have made a shrewd guess as to the object of King Alexander's journey, and thereupon hurried matters to a crisis. The poor young king was cruelly disappointed, and vented his wrath upon the luckless diplomatist who had misrepresented the inclinations of the royal household at Athens. He has been suddenly dismissed from office.

A Real Secret.

Maud—Our engagement is a secret.
Lena—So everybody tells me.

The True Prayer

For Saturday Night.

God's love is cosmopolitan,
His light is ev'rywhere;
Then ask a boon for ev'ry man
And heard shall be thy prayer.

The flow'r that scents the forest glade,
The worm that devives the dust,
Were both by one Creator made,
And in His goodness trust.

So dark with sin, so craz'd with care,
So riven with its pain;
What heart hath not some chasm where
Sweet pearls of peace remain!

God's love is cosmopolitan,
His light is ev'rywhere;
Then ask a boon for ev'ry man
And heard shall be thy prayer.

ERNEST E. LEIGH.

Was it Chance?

London Daily Mail.

At a frontier post in India, just before the last mail left, the officers' mess was engaged in an ardent discussion.

The Mahometan religion was the subject of argument. Mussulmans believe in fate.

For them, a man's destiny is written, the time of his death is set, and nothing can advance or hinder it. Everyone had something to relate in pro or con argument.

One, who was a confirmed fatalist, arose and said:

"Gentlemen, make a practical test of the question. Take me as the subject. Can a man wilfully dispose of his life, or is the fatal moment chosen by a higher power? Try the question on me! Who will conduct the experiment?"

No one answered. Then someone proposed a wager.

"Done!" was the answer.

The subject drew a pistol, showed that it was loaded, and held it to his temple.

"Twenty pounds, I believe! Who will pay if I lose?"

He pulled the trigger, and luckily for the foolish boaster the pistol missed fire.

"A joke!" cried the crowd.

The other smiled. He recoiled the pistol, and with a steady hand aimed at the clock on the wall. He fired, and the bullet went right through the center of the dial.

"Apologize, now," said he. "I have won the bet. I always did believe in fate."

The Important Item.

"Mabel's heart is almost broken about her graduation."

"Why— isn't her essay clever?"

"Oh, yes, her essay is all right; but her gown doesn't fit."



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Births.

GREGG—Seaford, June 3, Mrs. J. C. Gregg—a daughter.
HEMMING—June 4, Mrs. H. K. S. Hemming—a daughter.
LAUGHLIN—May 23, Mrs. J. S. Laughlin—a son.
WALKER—June 2, Mrs. John Walker—a daughter.
PATERSON—May 19, Mrs. J. O. Paterson—a son.
BIRD—June 3, Mrs. T. A. Bird—a son.
FERGUSON—June 2, Mrs. H. Ferguson—a daughter.
BLISS—June 2, Mrs. Charles Bliss—a son.
LEVESON—June 3, Mrs. R. C. Leveson—a daughter.
PARKER—June 4, Mrs. John Parker—a daughter.
SAUNDERS—June 4, Mrs. Dyer Saunders—a son.
DYCKSON—June 4, Mrs. Frank Dyckson—a daughter.
KYLE—June 7, Mrs. John Kyle—a son.
McKAY—Ingersoll, June 6, Mrs. McKay—a son.
WILSON—May 29, Mrs. Harold Wilson—a son.
GIBBS—May 31, Mrs. Frank E. Gibbs—a son.
HEWSON—June 7, Mrs. F. A. Hewson—a son.

Marriages.

TOWNSON—PEARSON—At the residence of the bride's father, 177 Yonge St., on June 11, by Rev. S. D. Chown, John Townson, to Annie fourth daughter of Mr. George Pearson. All of Toronto.
McKENZIE—SMITH—June 9, Will N. McKenzie to Rose Smith.
BROWN—BEATY—June 9, George Buckland Brown to Frankie Beaty.
BOULTER—MULKINS—June 9, George Boulter to Ethel Mulkins.
BLAIN—KEIR—June 3, Archibald Y. Blain to Lily Keir.
BLIGHT—MILLS—June 3, Alfred W. Blight to Mattie Mills.
CARTER—MOLESWORTH—June 2, Hastings Carter to Maud Molesworth.
HEALY—O'PLAND—June 3, J. J. Healy to Margaret O'Pland.
MURPHY—PATTERSON—June 3, Rev. R. G. MacBeth to Libbie Patterson.
PAMSA—SPENCE—June 2, Charles N. Ramsay to Flora Spence.
ROBERTSON—WEST—June 3, Charles M. Robertson to Sadie E. West.
SWALLOW—FROST—June 3, J. C. Swallow to Emilie Frost.
DUNLOP—LOUGHRAN—June 8, W. D. Dunlop to Catherine Loughran.
STEWART—OSSTREE—June 4, Duncan Stewart to Anna K. Osstree.
WILSON—POTTER—June 4, Frederick Wilson to Laura Potter.
BOULTON—FRENCH—June 2, Walfrid Rudyard Boulton to Cora Marie French.
CLARKE—ALLEN—June 6, Charles E. Clarke to Miranda Allen.
EADIE—CALDECOTT—June 6, James Eadie to Elizabeth Caldecott.
HUNTER—RICHARDSON—May 29, Rev. J. N. Hunter to Florence C. M. Richardson.
HUTCHISON—KILLEN—June 4, Peter Hutchison to Margaret Killen.
CRAWFORD—KEEL—June 4, Mary E. Crawford to LeGrand Keel.
LEE—GREENSIDE—June 3, Charles B. Lee to Edith Greenside.
MARQUIS—NORRIS—June 4, Alexander Marquis to Alice Norris.
WILSON—TINKING—June 3, John Arthur Wilson to Annie Tinking.
ANDERSON—RENEWICK—June 3, Robert H. Anderson to Mary G. Renewick.

Deaths.

CHISHOLM—Meaford, June 2, Jane Chisholm.
COLEMAN—June 10, Catherine Coleman, aged 74.
FOW—Calgary, June 4, Alfred R. Fow, aged 53.
TAYLOR—Orillia, June 6, Jessie Taylor.
FOSTER—June 3, Henrietta Foster, aged 61.
HARRISON—June 4, Catherine Harrison, aged 64.
CURRIE—June 3, Edward Burke, aged 55.
SMITH—June 3, Leona J. Smith.
FINCH—June 3, Adelaide Finch, aged 26.
BROWN—May 27, Heber Norman Brown.
MACALLUM—June 4, Alex. Macallum, aged 86.
BURNS—May 21, Henrietta Burns, aged 85.
WILKS—June 2, Eliza Astor Wilks.
WALLWIN—Barrie, June 4, John Wallwin, aged 86.
WALDRON—June 7, Edith S. R. Waldron.
BURNETT—June 6, John Burnett, aged 26.
BATES—June 8, Jane March Bates, aged 26.
BEARD—June 8, Mrs. Lois Beard.
CHECKLEY—Blenheim, June 3, Kathleen Checkley.
GRANT—June 8, Donald Ross Grant.
MACDONALD—June 8, Benj. Macdonald, aged 74.

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Cycling Tights, cream and cream, list thread, best quality, 1 50	Fine Canvas Half-leggings, blue, black and tan, 50
Bicycle Hats—Straw Fedoras—white, navy, tan, brown and speckles, 45c, 60c and 75c	Bicycle Bells, 20c, 40c, 60c and 1 00
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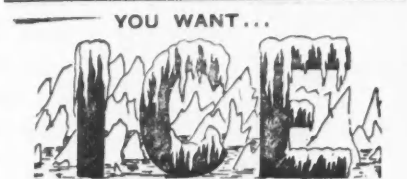
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CROLY—June 3, John Edgar Croly, M.A., aged 55.
FINDLAY—June 3, Violet Forrest Findlay.
HAGARTY—June 4, Kate Florence Hagarty.

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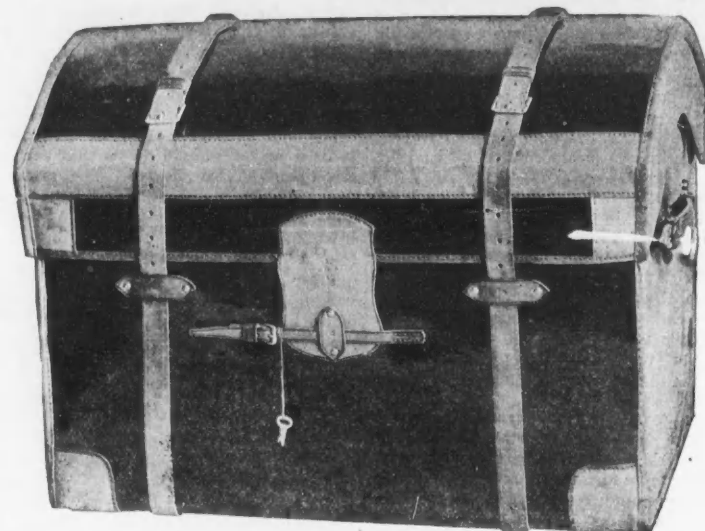
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